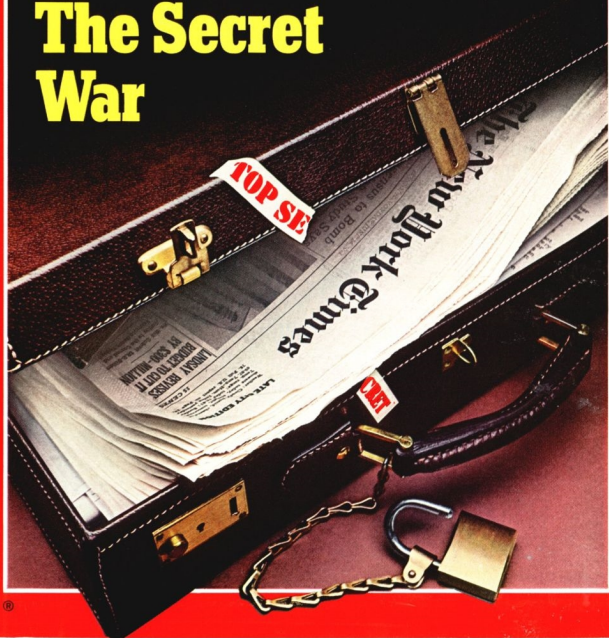


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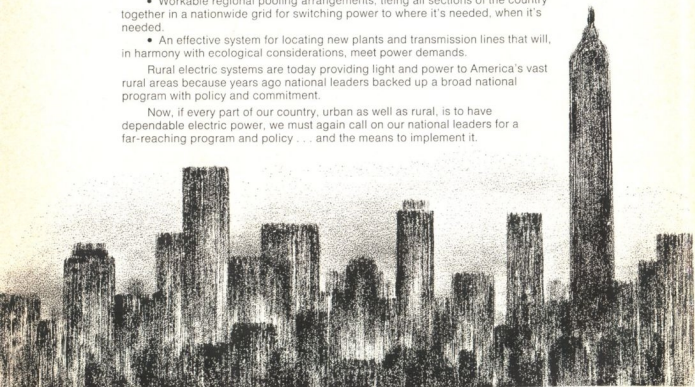
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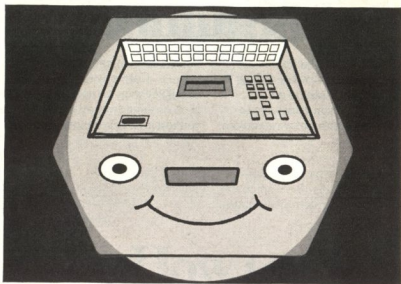


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How to talk yourself out of going to Europe this summer.

One of the little ironies of life is that people always seem to find reasons for not doing the things they want to do.

For example, if you want to go to Europe there are any number of ways you can

talk yourself out of it.

Currently the two most popular are: You don't want to touch the money you've been stashing away over the past year. And you're a little nervous over the economy.

How to talk yourself into going to Europe this summer.

Remind yourself that you'll end up spending another summer not doing what you want to do. And that's not so bad if you're 22 years old.

But it's no way to live your life if you're 40 or 45 or 50. By then it's becoming a habit.

So if you don't want to touch your savings, go to Europe on our fly now-pay later plan and pay us when you get back. Out of your income not your savings.

Find articles that say the economy is in good shape (there are a lot of them).

Or consider that next summer Europe is going to be a lot more crowded than ever before because of the Olympics.

But that's not the point.

The point is you're faced with a decision. Either you let your life slip away by not doing the things you want to do. Or you get up and do them.

How to pick an airline if the decision goes in your favor.

Pick an airline that can make your trip everything it should be. And one you'll feel comfortable flying with.

With Pan Am, you'll have a choice of more European cities than you would with the next three airlines combined. And be able to return from more European cities than the next three airlines combined.

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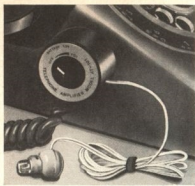
As for feeling comfortable, you'll be flying on the airline that opened more of the world to air travel than all other airlines combined. The airline that was carrying (and caring for) transatlantic passengers long before most other airlines existed.

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LETTERS

Cavett's Better Half

Sir: Dick Cavett [June 7] is witty, intelligent and often humorous.

Unfortunately, he has spent more and more time directing these talents against anyone who is a member of the right half of the political spectrum.

Thus the audience is being deprived of half of his potential wit because of political bias and expediency.

JOHN W. DANA
Hamden, Conn.

Sir: TIME writers brought forth only half of Cavett's appeal. The other half is sex appeal.

The other talk-show hosts are nowhere near the complete man that Cavett is. As to their sex appeal—Griffin is a Boy Scout leader, Frost an ulcer-ridden, sweatless advertising executive, and Carson a dissipated shoe salesman.

HOPE S. PARKER
Altadena, Calif.

Sir: That was a most uninteresting story about a most uninteresting person. Dick Cavett—why him?

MATTHEW F. MANZARI
Tampa, Fla.

Sir: As a fiercely loyal Cavett fan from the time of Dick's TV talk debut, I applaud your recognition of his efforts to elevate the ubiquitous gabfests to some sort of urbanity.

But enough is enough. You yourselves were among the first to speculate that praise may ruin Dick Cavett. Why contribute to some rah-rah press campaign that just may cheer Dick off the air? You have brought him to the apex; is it downhill from here?

LESLIE A. PETERS
Cohoes, N.Y.

Sir: The Dick Cavett Show should be required to carry the label "May be habit forming."

PATRICIA TAYLOR
Canoga Park, Calif.

Sir: Who's Dick Cavett? Those of us in his home town are hardly in a position to know since our local ABC affiliate delays broadcast of his show until after its late movie.

JUDITH KIRSCH
Lincoln, Neb.

A Reasonable Supply

Sir: TIME's report on health care [June 7] cites the Nixon Administration's bill as consistent with the philosophy of free enterprise. True free enterprise requires 1) a reasonable supply of the commodity to meet consumer needs and 2) ability of consumers to estimate value received. Since neither requirement is usually met, the philosophy argument seems fatuous. I wish the Administration were as compulsive about producing doctors as they are about making SSIs.

RICHARD H. RECH, Ph.D.
Hanover, N.H.

Sir: The grossly overpaid U.S. medical service, unlike any other profession, has the power to demand "Your money or your life." At least the roadside bandit has the honesty to admit he is a bandit!

The Administration's proposal as a cure

for this is financially to subsidize the victims to enable them to pay the bandit's demands. The Kennedy proposals are aimed at stamping out the banditry.

R. ROLLESTON VENT
Carmel, Calif.

Sir: Doctors are not trained to consider costs because they must protect themselves and the hospitals against ruinous malpractice suits. Therefore they order many more tests than needed for diagnosis. If awards were paid by the state after hearings by an appointed board, the savings from irrelevant tests, useless records, costly litigation and insurer overhead would be enormous. There might then be more money for the real victims of avoidable mistakes, and surely less cost for the average patient.

THOMAS D. CABOT
Boston

Sir: If our wonderful governmental enterprises cannot effectively deliver the mail, how can we entrust to them the delivery of our health care? There are no automated vending machines to dispense appendectomies after 5 p.m.

KENNETH G. DAVIS
Galveston, Texas

Historic Moment

Sir: Stop bleeding over the suppression of (very limited) freedom in Czechoslovakia in 1968 [June 7]. The Czech army of 135,000 might well have fought a temporary delaying action before Prague. It is virtually certain that even a limited Czech armed resistance would have triggered off a general insurrection all over the captive area of Eastern Europe. Russian occupation and dominance would then have become logistically, psychologically and economically insupportable. The Czech (or Dubček) failure to seize the historic moment has doomed all East Europe to continued tyranny. Those who will not fight for land and freedom abdicate their right to either, and to the world's sympathy.

PETER H. PEEL
Los Angeles

The Regular Route

Sir: Mayor Richard J. Daley has once again proved that the hand is quicker than the eye [June 7]. Eager Chicago cyclists read of his new "Bicycle Route System" with delight, until they realized that it consisted of signs picturing bicycles posted along regular city streets, with no special lane designation for cyclists.

In the tradition of Chicago, however, Daley's Bicycle Route System probably created a number of patronage jobs for skilled sign hangers.

(MRS.) SUSAN WEININGER
Chicago

Useful Semantics

Sir: Your semantically perceptive Essay [June 7] suggests that one media and one data, as well as one criteria, two pair and two aspirin, serve the useful purpose of establishing their users' ignorance quotients.

T.J. DYLEWSKI
Saratoga, Calif.

Sir: TIME's Essay "Down with Media" is a cute example of the deviousness of rationalization in defense of confusing but

How new Memorex Cassette Recording Tape shattered glass and why it will make your favorite music sound better.

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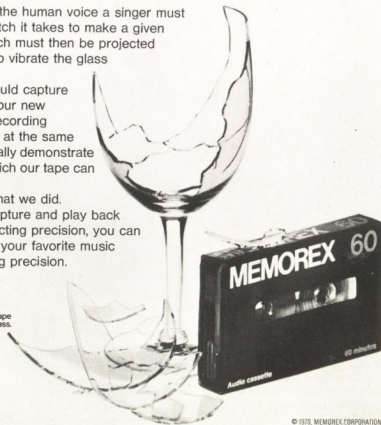
We figured if we could capture that precise pitch on our new Memorex Cassette Recording Tape and play it back at the same volume, we'd dramatically demonstrate the exactness with which our tape can reproduce music.

So that's exactly what we did.

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And they will stay down for another three years when (who knows?) they may go down again.

If you didn't buy Econo-Flex in 1968, there's one consolation. Now it will cost you even less.



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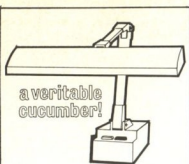
But it doesn't stop there. To meet growing demands, we're now studying the possibilities of another pipeline—through Canada to the North Slope of Alaska.

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doubtless profitable communications overkill! There is (are?) a liberal communications medium (media?) with the sticky, cohesive, emotion-affecting, mind-warping pervasiveness of a Los Angeles temperature inversion!

BOB HENDERSON
Bainbridge Island, Wash.

Sir: Hurts, doesn't it? It is unfair for those meenies to categorize you and hold all responsible for the sins of a few. Let's do index and insist that medium, medium, medium, hereafter refer to us as the South, the South, and the South.

Mrs. J.L. HUNT
Brunswick, Ga.

Sir: TIME's Essay is, once one has circumnavigated the semantics, a somewhat querulous defense against attacks upon your medium by the rudely righteous right (known to themselves as the practically perfect patriots). Don't panic, TIME. Your magazine will still be on the newstands when people again say: "Spiro T. who?" In the meantime, you should adopt the attitude of the *Geological Journal*, which doesn't become the least bit upset when someone says it is a Commie rag because it maintains that the world is round.

PAUL BURLEIGH
Yorba Linda, Calif.

Sir: If the media are, then they surely are alike in their views.

RICHAR SMITH
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Sir: Thank you for the excellent Essay. The way words are used does shape the way we think and feel. Now could we work on the usage of the word *race*?

Race (when used accurately) refers to "the human race." Since all people belong to this one race (human), how can we refer to separate groups of people (e.g., ethnic groups, cultural groups, religious groups, etc.) different or separate races? I wonder if the media (plural) could use the word *race* (singular) accurately?

NORMA COBB
Houston

Sir: Semantic shock indeed! Your essayist writes that "to speak of the media in the singular tends to obliterate the differences between them." Then he goes on to enumerate eight different types. Differences may exist between two things but among more than two.

B.J. GRUSKIN, M.D.
New York City

Sons of Distinguished People

Sir: Contrary to popular belief, Krishnamurti was not "sent . . . to Oxford for his education [June 7]. Annie Besant took him there, and as to what happened, I quote from *Sir Herbert—an Oxford Snob* by Ferrier Elvin: "She naturally went straight to Magdalen and interviewed the President. When Sir Herbert showed some reluctance to accept her candidate, Mrs. Besant explained, 'But my ward is a very special person! I don't want to stress it, but he does happen to be the Son of God.' Sir Herbert replied, 'Madam, we have the sons of many distinguished people in this college.'"

N.Y. SASTRY
Madras, India

Sir: Ever since the Beatles' Maharishi toured the U.S. with the Beach Boys in concert, it is perhaps with good reason that

Americans are skeptical of all gurus. It would be a sad mistake, however, to include Krishnamurti in this company. With both simplicity and eloquence, he addresses himself to the timeless topics of freedom and revolution, life and death, love and hate. I hope that your article on Krishnamurti will contribute to the understanding that not all gurus need be fakirs.

DONALD J. ROGERS
Elmwood Park, Ill.

Honking in the Jazz Joint

Sir: Your piece about jazz going to college [June 7] is only part of the answer for aspiring jazz musicians. It's true that aspiring jazzmen can benefit from some formal polishing of technique. But such polishing comes, not from educational institutions, but from honking in the environment that engendered that art form in the first place: the smoky jazz joint.

If good stuff comes out of a horn, it's only because the paying customers and the jazzmen are together. You can't get this in a stuffy classroom, no matter who the instructor. Louis is right, and don't you forget it.

ALFRED WILSON
San Diego

Sir: I am an instructor in music at Hampton Institute. The music department here offers a course titled African-American Music, which deals with the in-depth study of jazz from the musical, historical and social points of view; a course is being instituted this fall in jazz improvisation.

It is true that black colleges have neglected jazz, which is a black music. I feel this is because 1) many black colleges have had their music departments dominated by white professors who did

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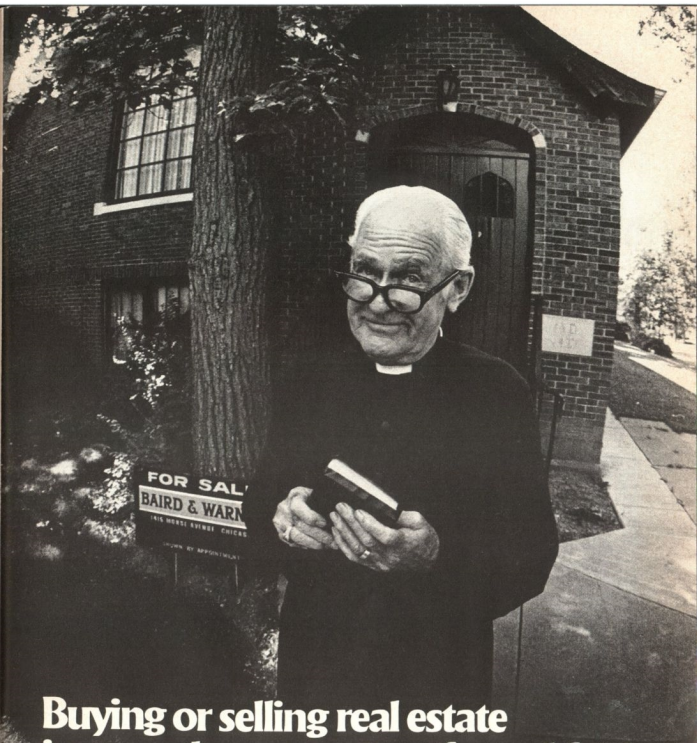
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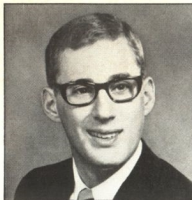
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not recognize jazz as an art form; 2) the black academic musician—though he may play jazz—has been taught to feel that the epitome of good music is European art music.

Though the predominantly white colleges seem to have taken over the teaching of jazz, I believe that future jazz musicians will come from such colleges as Hampton or Fisk.

CONSUELA LEE MOOREHEAD
Hampton, Va.

Secession for New York City?

Sir: Has Mayor John Lindsay considered the next logical step if New York City becomes the 51st state [June 7]? Secede from the U.S., then apply for foreign aid.

STAN HOVDE
San Francisco

Sir: Mayor Lindsay proposes "national cities" to meet urban problems. We already have one federal city: Washington, D.C. How many such problems has it solved?

SIMEON H.F. GOLDSTEIN
New York City

Sir: The worst mistake in our history has been to give women the privilege of voting. Women vote for the handsome face of Mayor Lindsay. This inept mayor and worst administrator in our history has the nerve to think of running for presidential office.

New York City is in complete ruin physically, morally and financially because of this ambitious political leader.

PETER GARAND
New York City

Big Burly Bogyman

Sir: A letter from a reader [May 31] commented on the fact that your article on Haiti [May 3] had mistakenly defined the Tontons Macoutes as "bogeymen." She was wrong, and your writer was completely correct.

Anyone residing in Haiti for any length of time knows that the "macoute" is the fiber bag, often gaily decorated and of various sizes, that was originally carried by the male peasants living in the hills.

The Haitian bogeyman was called "Tonton Macoute" because he carried a large bag into which he popped naughty children and carried them away. He was represented in earlier and more authentic sculpture and pictures as a huge burly man with an oversized "macoute."

HOMER GAYNE
Kingston, Jamaica

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Without the written word, how would thought come to us uncorrupted by time? Or scientific discoveries be spread around the world? Or school children learn the lessons of history?

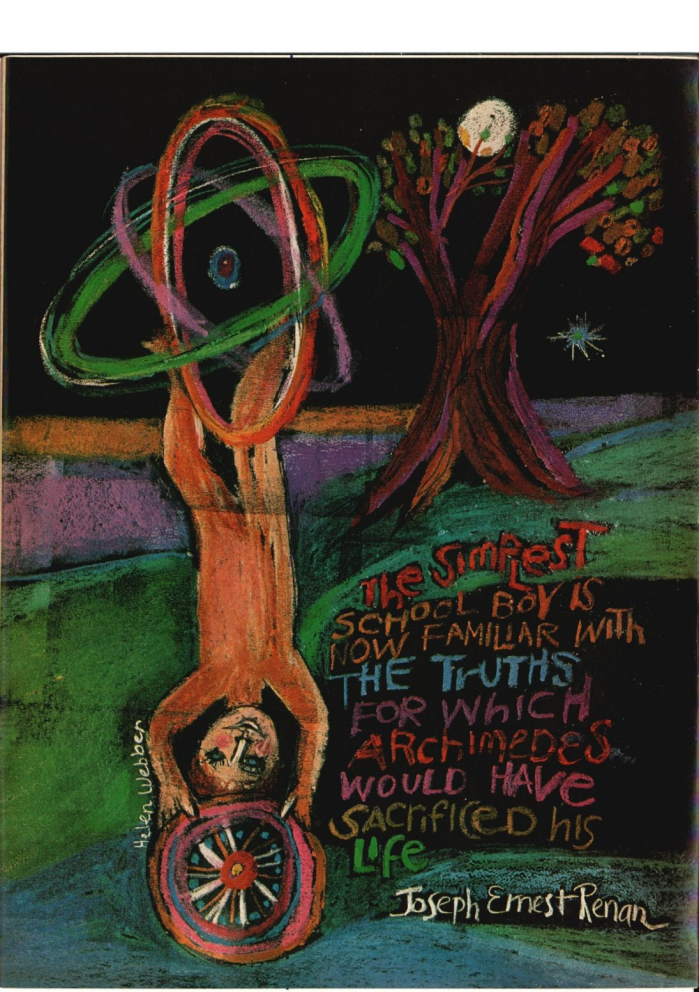
So a key role in the learning explosion has been played by the printers and publishers. Through them, facts and ideas are preserved and passed on.

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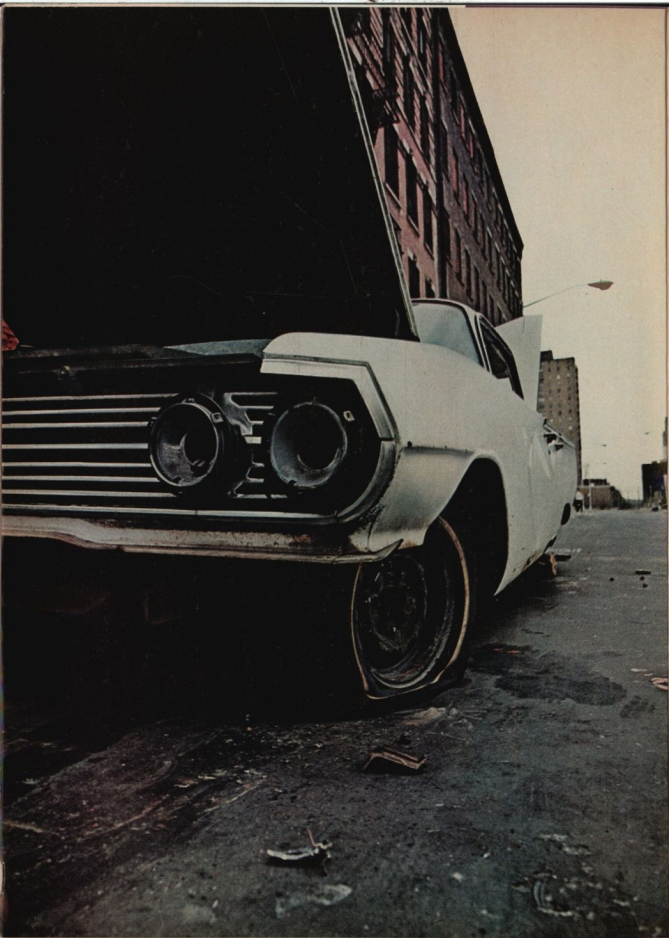
NEW YORK - SAN FRANCISCO



Helen Webber

THE SIMPLEST
SCHOOL BOY IS
NOW FAMILIAR WITH
THE TRUTHS
FOR WHICH
ARCHIMEDES
WOULD HAVE
SACRIFICED HIS
LIFE

Joseph Ernest Renan



This great natural resource doesn't have to go to waste.

There is a new kind of machine that makes junk valuable. It's called the car shredder.

The car shredder smashes automobiles into fist-sized chunks. It can smash one every thirty seconds. Six hundred a day.

A car shredder's brute strength comes from heavy-duty General Electric motors and controls.

The chunks from a shredder are 98% pure steel. And worth about two times their weight in natural iron ore. That's because the chunks can be fed directly into a new kind of steel furnace. To make about twice the steel the same amount of standard-grade iron ore can make.

The car shredder can help with

major clean-up jobs in cities across the country. And make abandoned cars a rare sight.

General Electric is helping to cut other disposal problems down to size.

GE is exploring a process that uses bacteria to convert paper trash into high-protein food for livestock.

GE is also perfecting a new kind of municipal incinerator for the complete combustion of trash with virtually no air pollution. And GE has developed a new waste-treatment unit to significantly reduce water pollution from ships and boats.

These are problems that have been piling up for years. But the people at General Electric are working on new ways to help get rid of them.

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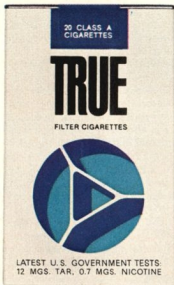


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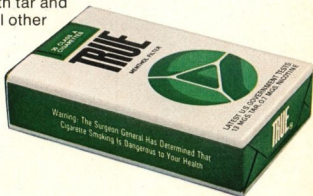
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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Duty and Responsibility

Behind the tortuous unraveling of the American role in Viet Nam, as well as the national debate over the court-martial and conviction of Lieut. William Calley, there lies a haunting problem: well-intentioned men faithfully executing their duty as they see it can find themselves responsible for horrible events. By coincidence, in the week that the Pentagon papers emerged, Yale Law Professor Charles Reich (*The Greening of America*) addressed the problem in *The New Yorker*. Reich wrote: "Evil now comes about not necessarily when people violate what they understand to be their duty but, more and more often, when they are conscientiously doing what is expected of them."

The problem of My Lai, to be sure, is not the same as the dilemma that confronts men at every level in bureaucracies public and private. "The ultimate evil is the result of carefully segmented acts; the structure itself guarantees an evasion by everyone of responsibility for the full moral act," Reich argued. His solution is to create a new sense of accountability within bureaucracies that would "restore the awareness, the responsibility and the law that are the moral essence of free men." Reich surely has a point about the diffusion of responsibility in big, modern organizations. But in the case of Viet Nam, where men up and down the chain—from President Johnson through Daniel Ellsberg—have agonized over their share in making and carrying out policy, there has never been any doubt about where ultimate responsibility lay. Lyndon Johnson anguished over his decisions to bomb North Viet Nam and to commit U.S. combat troops, and he could not escape the consequences.

Animal Farm

The director of the Detroit zoo hired four new security guards last week, not to contain the wildness within the cages, but to protect the animals from the inhumanity of man. In the past two years, the zoo population has been victimized by deliberate acts of brutality. A baby Australian wallaby left the protection of its mother's pouch and was stoned to death; a duck died with a steel-tipped hunting arrow in its breast. A pregnant reindeer miscarried after firecracker-hurling youths bombed the fran-

tic animal into convulsions. Visitors have been observed dropping lighted cigar butts on the backs of alligators, watching the ashes burn through the reptiles' skin, then breaking into laughter when the alligators reacted to the severe burn. Finally, the zoo's male hippopotamus choked to death last week after someone responded to the hippo's open-mouthed begging for peanuts by rolling a tennis ball down its throat. The zookeepers were left to wonder whether it was their charges or their visitors that really should be caged.

Out of Commissions

Back in January, President Nixon announced the appointment of nine new members to a commission on marijuana and drug abuse. Last month he flatly told a press conference that if that commission turns out to favor legalizing pot, "I will not follow that recommendation." That was only the latest example of how a President can ignore his commissions unless they agree with what he wants to do. Often their main function is only to convey the impression that the President is actively responding to a national crisis. By the time the commission completes its report, passions over the triggering events are likely to have subsided, and the recommendations can then be dutifully examined and quietly discarded.

Nixon is especially fond of the study-commission tactic. He has appointed nearly 50 of them; the annual cost of this presidential predilection is about \$10 million. He even named two on oil imports. The first one urged the lifting of restrictions against imports, so he appointed a second that suggested no changes—the result he wanted all along. Senator Edward Kennedy heads a subcommittee that is now holding hearings on the use and abuse of presidential commissions. It is expected to urge that they be created more sparingly and that a Cabinet member be assigned to follow through on each commission's recommendations. President Nixon may well appoint a commission to decide what to do about the Kennedy report on commissions—and then shelve the resulting recommendations.

Left, top to bottom: McNamara, Lodge, McNaughton, William Bundy, Taylor, Rostow.

Right, top to bottom: Rusk, McCone, Sharp, Ball, McGeorge Bundy, Clifford.



Pentagon Papers: The Secret War

To see the conflict and our part in it as a tragedy without villains, war crimes without criminals, lies without liars, exposures and promulgates a view of process, roles and motives that is not only grossly mistaken but which underwrites deceptions that have served a succession of Presidents.

—Daniel Ellsberg

THE issues were momentous, the situation unprecedented. The most massive leak of secret documents in U.S. history had suddenly exposed the sensitive inner processes whereby the Johnson Administration had abruptly escalated the nation's most unpopular—and unsuccessful—war. The Nixon Government, battling stubbornly to withdraw from that war at its own deliberate pace, took the historic step of seeking to suppress articles before publication, and threatened criminal action against

that the Government was fighting so fiercely to protect. Those records afforded a rare insight into how high officials make decisions affecting the lives of millions as well as the fate of nations. The view, however constricted or incomplete, was deeply disconcerting. The records revealed a dismaying degree of miscalculation, bureaucratic arrogance and deception. The revelations severely damaged the reputations of some officials, enhanced those of a few, and so angered Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield—a long-patient Democrat whose own party was hurt most—that he promised to conduct a Senate investigation of Government decision making.

The sensational affair began quietly with the dull thud of the 486-page Sunday New York Times arriving on doorsteps and in newsrooms. A dry Page One headline—VIETNAM ARCHIVE: PEN-

John Mitchell charged that the Times's disclosures would cause "irreparable injury to the defense of the United States" and obtained a temporary restraining order to stop the series after three installments, worldwide attention was inevitably assured.

A Study Ignored

The Times had obviously turned up a big story (see PRESS). Daniel Ellsberg, a former Pentagon analyst and superhawk-turned-superdove, apparently had felt so concerned about his involvement in the Viet Nam tragedy that he had somehow conveyed about 40 volumes of an extraordinary Pentagon history of the war to the newspaper. Included were 4,000 pages of documents, 3,000 pages of analysis and 2.5 million words—all classified as secret, top secret or top secret-sensitive.

The study was begun in 1967 by Sec-



JULY 1965: JOHNSON DISCUSSING VIET NAM POLICY BEFORE TELEVISION SPEECH
Always the secret option, another notch, but never victory.

the nation's most eminent newspaper.

The dramatic collision between the Nixon Administration and first the New York Times, then the Washington Post, raised in a new and spectacular form the unresolved constitutional questions about the Government's right to keep its planning papers secret and the conflicting right of a free press to inform the public how its Government has functioned (see story page 17). Yet, even more fundamental, the legal battle focused national attention on the records

TAGON STUDY TRACES 3 DECADES OF GROWING U.S. INVOLVEMENT—was followed by six pages of deliberately low-key prose and column after gray column of official cables, memorandums and position papers. The mass of material seemed to repel readers and even other newsmen. Nearly a day went by before the networks and wire services took note. The first White House reaction was to refrain from comment so as not to give the series any greater "exposure." But when Attorney General

retary of Defense Robert McNamara, who had become disillusioned by the futility of the war and wanted future historians to be able to determine what had gone wrong. For more than a year, 35 researchers, including Ellsberg, Rand Corporation experts, civilians and uniformed Pentagon personnel, worked out of an office adjoining McNamara's. With his backing, they were able to obtain Pentagon documents dating back to arguments within the Truman Administration on whether the U.S. should help



FEB. 8, 1966: AMBASSADOR HENRY CABOT LODGE (LEFT) AT HONOLULU WAR BRIEFING
The enemy would not comply with official projections.

the French in their vain effort to put down Communist-led Viet Minh uprisings in Viet Nam. The work was carried up to mid-1968, when it was delivered to McNamara's successor, Clark Clifford, who says he never took the time to read it. One of the scholars called in early to help guide the project was Harvard's Henry Kissinger, who is now President Nixon's national security adviser and chief White House strategist on the war. Yet the study was so completely ignored that until last week even he had not examined it.

By early 1964, the U.S. was supporting and directing a number of covert operations: air strikes over Laos by CIA-hired civilian pilots and by Thai flyers, South Vietnamese harassment raids (Operation 34A) along the North Viet Nam coast, and U-2 reconnaissance flights over the North. Announced U.S. retaliatory air strikes against the North started in August 1964. A sustained air campaign (Rolling Thunder) was ordered to assault the North in February, 1965. The first U.S. ground troops landed in force in South Viet Nam during the spring of 1965. By the end of the year, 184,000 U.S. troops had been deployed in the South.

The Cast of Characters

Each step seems to have been taken almost in desperation because the preceding step had failed to check the crumbling of the South Vietnamese government and its troops—and despite frequently expressed doubts that the next move would be much more effective. Yet the bureaucracy, the Pentagon papers indicate, always demanded new options; each option was to apply more force. Each tightening of the screw created a position that must be defended; once committed, the military pressure must be maintained. A pause, it was argued, would reveal lack of resolve, embolden the Communists and further demoralize the South Vietnamese. Almost no one said: "Wait—where are we going? Should we turn back?"

As the documents bared the planning process, they also demolished any lin-

gering faith that the nation's weightiest decisions are made by deliberative men, calmly examining all the implications of a policy and then carefully laying out their reasoning in depth. The proliferation of papers, the cabled requests for clarification, the briskness of language but not of logic, convey an impression of harassed men, thinking and writing too quickly and sometimes being mystified at the enemy's refusal to conform to official projections.

Ambassador to Saigon Maxwell Taylor, a former Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, candidly declared in November 1964: "We still find no plausible explanation of the continued strength of the Viet Cong if our data on the Viet Cong losses are even approximately correct. Not only do the Viet Cong units have the recuperative powers of the phoenix, but they have an amazing ability to maintain morale." The experienced Taylor sounded downright naive when, on assuming his post in Saigon, he advised the JCS: "No sophisticated psychological approach is necessary to attract the country people to the GVN [Government of Viet Nam, Saigon] at this time. The assurance of a reasonably secure life is all that is necessary." That assurance was at the core of the conflict—and has still not been wholly achieved.

Yet the articulate Taylor, who read French and German newspapers at breakfast, could make prophetic sense. Reporters remember him rejecting the idea of U.S. ground troops in South Viet Nam put to him for the hundredth time: "No, that was what the French did. The last thing we want is American boys from Maine and Georgia running through the jungles shooting at friend and enemy alike because they can't tell the difference."

Beneath the patina of the published papers, other images form from those turbulent days. Early on, there was the alert, trim Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara sitting at his huge Pershing desk, the believer of 1963, the man who thought it could be done and who kept saying "Things are getting better."

Then, gray and pinched in 1967, trying to explain why he had become the first to turn publicly against the war. There was his tall, taut Assistant Secretary, John McNaughton, now dead, sweeping confident eyes across the map of the world and talking fast, very fast. Speaking ever so precisely of the potential of yet another of Saigon's revolving governments, the coateed Assistant Secretary of State William Bundy stretched out on his leather couch. Brooding over all loomed the peaked profile of Lyndon Johnson, secretive, holding his options open until the final moment, seemingly unwilling even to confide in himself what he would do next.

Allegiance Dominoes

That it lacked the minutes of Johnson's mind was only one of the serious weaknesses in the Pentagon study. The papers were gathered mainly at the Pentagon by researchers who were given full cooperation but had to specify what they wanted to see; they could not browse freely through files of the Joint Chiefs. There were no minutes of National Security Council meetings or transcriptions of telephone calls. The *Times* was able to print only about 5% of the documents in its possession, and critics would certainly wonder if its long antiwar perspective had influenced, however unconsciously, its selection. Nonetheless, publication of the papers opened a wide window on what had been the largely invisible world of policymaking.

One vista revealed a U.S. Government far less interested in negotiations on either Laos or Viet Nam than its public stance indicated. In fact, the U.S. sought ways to avert international pressure for talks. It continually withheld from the American people a full disclosure of its increasing military moves against North Viet Nam, but often briefed Hanoi, Peking and Moscow on precisely what it intended. Moreover, the documents, while showing a stubborn allegiance to the domino theory of Viet Nam's critical significance despite CIA doubts, also reveal a shifting rationale for the massive U.S. commitment.

The most surprising specific disclosures of the *Times's* papers include:

WAR AIMS. Both publicly and in a National Security memorandum in March 1964, President Johnson insisted that the central U.S. aim was to secure an "independent, non-Communist South Viet Nam." McNamara used identical wording in a memo to L.B.J. the same month, but fuzzed the goal by adding the far broader view of Viet Nam as a "test case of U.S. capacity to help a nation meet a Communist war of liberation . . . not only in Asia, but in the rest of the world." Then, in January 1965, McNamara penciled his approval on a statement by his assistant, McNaughton, that the real U.S. goal was "not to help friend, but to contain China." A month later, McNaughton, demonstrating the McNamara team's fondness for figures, put the U.S. aims in a far different order: "70%—to avoid a humiliating U.S. defeat, 20%—to keep SVN (South Viet Nam) territory from Chinese hands, 10%—to permit the people of SVN to enjoy a better, freer way of life. Also—to emerge from crisis without unacceptable taint from methods used." That was hardly an idealistic statement of U.S. purposes.

PESSIMISM ABOUT SAIGON. While higher officials sought to knock down persistent reports by newsmen in Saigon that the war was going badly, McNaughton in a memo on Nov. 6, 1964, offered a firm evaluation and prediction: "The situation in South Viet Nam is deteriorating. Unless new actions are taken, the new government will probably be unstable and ineffectual and the VC will probably continue to extend their hold over the population and territory. It can be expected that, soon (6 months? two years?), (a) government officials at all levels will adjust their behavior to an eventual VC takeover, (b) defections of significant military forces will take place, (c) whole integrated regions of the country will be totally denied to

the GVN, (d) neutral and/or left-wing elements will enter the government, (e) a popular front regime will emerge which will invite the U.S. out, and (f) fundamental concessions to the VC and accommodations to [Hanoi] will put South Viet Nam behind the Curtain." Generally, officials put a carefully cheerful face on matters and berated the U.S. press for its position while privately agreeing.

CONCEALMENT OF AIR STRIKES. The documents reveal that, in Operation Barrel Roll, the CIA was regularly using U.S. civilian pilots flying U.S. planes to make air strikes along infiltration routes in Laos early in 1964. In December, this campaign was stepped up to semiweekly attacks by regular U.S. Air Force and Navy flyers, but the National Security Council ordered: "There would be no public operations statements about armed reconnaissance [a euphemism for operations in which pilots are allowed to attack any target they find rather than limited to assigned targets] in Laos unless a plane were lost. In such an event the Government should continue to insist that we were merely escorting reconnaissance flights as requested by the Laotian Government."

CONCEALMENT AT TONKIN. The North Vietnamese PT-boat attacks on the U.S. destroyer *Maddox* in the Gulf of Tonkin in August 1964 were among the most pivotal and controversial events of the war—and the Johnson Administration clearly deceived the public about them. U.S. officials claimed to be unaware that South Vietnamese naval units had been covertly operating in the area shortly before the *Maddox* was fired upon. McNamara was asked at a press conference on Aug. 5, 1964: "Have there been any incidents that you know of involving the South Vietnamese vessels and the North Vietnamese?" His reply: "No, none that I know of." Yet the secret Pentagon study declares that "at midnight on July 30, South Vietnamese

naval commandos under General Westmoreland's command staged an amphibious raid on the North Vietnamese islands of Hon Me and Hon Ngu in the Gulf of Tonkin. Apparently [the North Vietnamese boats that attacked the *Maddox*] had mistaken *Maddox* for a South Vietnamese escort vessel." The rapidity of U.S. air reprisals—within twelve hours of Washington's receipt of the news—argued that the U.S. had been positioned to strike as soon as attacked.

CONCEALMENT ABOUT TROOPS. Similarly, when U.S. Marine battalions in South Viet Nam were authorized for the first time to take offensive action, Johnson directed that "premature publicity be avoided by all possible precautions" and that steps be taken to "minimize any appearance of sudden changes in policy." The whole question of introducing ground troops into South Viet Nam was so cloaked and confusing that Ambassador Taylor cabled Secretary of State Dean Rusk: "I badly need a clarification of our purposes and objectives." Taylor was especially angry at the fact that though he had sharply opposed the introduction of more U.S. troops into the area, his ostensible subordinate, General William Westmoreland, had been assigned an airborne brigade without Taylor's knowledge.

ORDERING ALLIES AROUND. Throughout the papers, U.S. officials indicate that the various Saigon governments, the non-Communist Laotian Prime Minister Souvanna Phouma, other U.S. allies and even the U.S. Congress were too often regarded as entities to be manipulated in order to accomplish U.S. foreign policy aims. Administration officials framed a Tonkin Gulf-style resolution long before the PT-boat attacks but failed to ask Congress for concurrence on what they were doing in Viet Nam. The State Department's Bundy writes of how Canada's J. Blair Seaborn, a member of the International Control Commission in Viet Nam, could be "revved" up to carry secret messages to Hanoi. McNaughton described the Saigon government as being "in such a deep funk it may throw in the sponge."

The most abrasive treatment of an ally was Taylor's schoolmaster scolding of a group of young South Vietnamese generals, including Nguyen Cao Ky and Nguyen Van Thieu, after they had dismissed the civilian High National Council. Said Taylor: "Do all of you understand English? I told you all clearly at General Westmoreland's dinner we Americans were tired of coups. Apparently I wasted my words. Now you have made a real mess. We cannot carry you forever if you do things like this." Taylor's irritation seemed justified, but, as General Nguyen Khanh said last week, "He was convoking me as if he were MacArthur on occupation in Japan."

PROVOCATION PLANS. Although the option apparently was never exercised, secret documents indicate that U.S. planners

MARCH 1965: U.S. MARINES LAND IN SOUTH VIET NAM



AP/WIDE WORLD

were seriously considering provoking the North Vietnamese into attacking U.S. units so that an open retaliatory air attack could be made against the North, a key escalation of the conflict. The step would be a prelude to sustained air strikes against the North. A Pentagon "Plan of Action for South Viet Nam," drafted by McNaughton in September 1964, proposed actions that "should be likely at some point to provoke a military response [and] the provoked response should be likely to provide good ground for us to escalate if we wished." He suggested that the downing of any U.S. reconnaissance plane over the North by U-2 aircraft would be an appropriate incident.

When the *Times* was enjoined from publishing any more of its series, the *Washington Post* began carrying its own

bombing pauses as useful "ratchets," placating public opinion and freeing the U.S. to bomb a notch harder after Hanoi had failed to respond.

One of the first breaks in the official hard-line thinking occurred in 1966, when the imaginative McNaughton advocated a "lowering of sights from victory to compromise." He warned that this might "unhinge" Saigon and give the North "the smell of blood," and that it would require careful preparation to get in position for compromise. "We should not expect the enemy's molasses to pour any faster than ours. And we should tip the pitchers now if we want them to pour a year from now." McNaughton raised the possibility of compromise with Johnson, but did not urge it, and Johnson chose to unleash more Rolling Thunder. The papers also re-

jected several requests to authorize retaliatory strikes after the election, finally yielded only when a devastating Viet Cong raid on Pleiku airfield in February 1965 destroyed or damaged numerous U.S. planes. "Mr. President, this is a momentous decision," Secretary of State Dean Rusk told Johnson at the time, and Johnson agrees that it was. He approved Rolling Thunder's sustained air attacks a month later.

Winners and Losers

Johnson emerges from the Pentagon history with added credibility problems. Although he is portrayed as a restraining influence on his more military-minded advisers—and he did move more slowly than many of them wished—he eventually adopted most of their escalation options. He, too, vastly underrated the tenacity of the Communists, and continued to employ massive airpower even after his own experts had discovered that it might actually be strengthening the North's determination to resist. Badly buffeted by events and advisers, Johnson was both commendably hesitant and condemnably conniving. As usual, he both infuriates and elicits sympathy.

Also tarnished was the man who courageously initiated the study, Secretary McNaughton. His bloodless passion for systems management did not permit him to grasp the matters of spirit and motivation that technology could not conquer—until the human price had far exceeded the value of the attainable ends. Too much a proponent of the Defense and State Department plans that reached him, McGeorge Bundy failed to perform his role of giving the President a wide and honest range of choices. His brother Bill, like McNaughton, comes across as too cute and manipulation-minded for his own—and the nation's—good. The two men spun elaborate and dangerous scenarios that frequently underestimated North Vietnamese strengths.

Characteristically, the quiet Secretary of State appears too seldom in the papers to be either hurt or helped—although his reluctance to put every hasty thought on paper now looks wise. The Joint Chiefs played their usual strong, if myopic role, continually urging sterner measures, but not with any overblown certainty of victory.

The CIA Was Right

The one Government agency that emerged from the Viet Nam debacle with its honor largely intact was the CIA. Its director in the years of escalation was John McCone, a conservative Republican who believed the U.S. had to try for a knockout blow in Viet Nam or get out. He argued constantly against the consensus policy of gradual escalation.

Shaken by McCone's vigorous dissent, Johnson submitted a searching question to the CIA: Would the rest of Southeast Asia fall into Communist hands if



"He took the wraps off our secret weapon!"

summary of the papers—up through L.B.J.'s sudden decision to seek negotiations in 1968—until it, too, was enjoined. The *Post* carefully refrained from reprinting the classified documents, but paraphrased or quoted briefly from them. The papers, it reported, absolved the U.S. of any complicity in preventing elections throughout North and South Viet Nam in 1955, despite a Geneva agreement calling for them. According to the study, it was South Vietnamese President Ngo Dinh Diem who, fearing a Communist victory, blocked the election.

The *Post* articles indicate that divisions emerged, mainly between the State and Defense departments, about the desirability of declaring halts in the U.S. bombing of the North—but each approached the idea cynically. When a temporary halt was agreed upon in March 1968, the State Department promptly advised all U.S. embassies that it did not really expect Hanoi to make any reciprocal response and thus the enemy would "free our hand after a short period"; meanwhile the planes could be used to bomb Laos. The Defense Department's McNaughton saw

veal that Johnson authorized serious consideration, including consultation with academic scientists, of the idea of creating an electronic and manned "fence" that would cut the infiltration trails across South Viet Nam's northern border. The proposal was abandoned as impractical.

One of the unresolvable controversies that the study raises is whether or not President Johnson had already decided to initiate a U.S. air campaign against North Viet Nam when he was insisting in his 1964 re-election campaign against Barry Goldwater that "we seek no wider war." The documents leave no doubt that Johnson was being strongly urged by his subordinates to authorize such strikes on more than a tit-for-tat reprisal basis and that aircraft had been positioned to do so since before the Tonkin clash. Johnson flatly denies that he made such a decision before the election. Goldwater, who was sharply criticized for urging such attacks, claims he knew of the plans but did not raise the issue during the campaign because he felt that he would not be believed if Johnson denied their existence.

The records bear out Johnson's claim

Three Principals Defend Themselves

GENERAL Maxwell Taylor, former Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, was the U.S. Ambassador to South Viet Nam during the period of initial troop buildups covered by the Pentagon papers. In an interview with TIME Correspondent Frank McCulloch last week, he noted: "We—all of us—are up against a very fundamental issue here, and there seems to be little chance at this moment that we will approach it rationally." The issue, as Taylor sees it, is simply how much undigested information can be made public in a complex and dangerous world; in other words, what is the proper role of a free press v. the role of the government in a free society?

But is not publication that is apt to offend some sensibilities—even large ones—part of the price of maintaining a truly open society? "We have never paid it before. To my knowledge, this is the first time in history that a government's right to carry on some of its business outside the public eye has, in effect, been challenged."

Taylor does not recall the exact chronology of decisions that led to U.S. take-over of the prime combat role in Viet Nam. "Those decisions," he says, "were all reached in Washington. But I was reluctant to concur in them." At the time Taylor argued that at some indeterminate point, perhaps when the number of U.S. troops reached between 100,000 and 125,000, a "Plimsoll line" would be reached: for every American soldier invested, a Vietnamese soldier would be lost. The war-weary Vietnamese, as the then ambassador saw it, would be only too glad to hand over the fighting to the Americans.

Was there any deliberate deception? "No. One of the problems here is exactly what is meant. In the practice of foreign policy, a President owes a good deal to certain elements of Congress—the leadership—in the way of openness. But the President does not by any means owe that to all of Congress."

Nor does Taylor think that L.B.J. was guilty of duplicity with regard to the bombing of the North. He points out that the issue is one of timing. If the President indeed made the decision to bomb the North before the 1964 election, Taylor admits, then he is guilty because he clearly said in that campaign that he had been urged by others to bomb but had refused. Yet, Taylor says, even after the election Johnson was still rejecting recommendations for bombing, so "it seems highly unfair to accuse him of having made up his mind before the election but putting it off for political reasons."

Lyndon Johnson, of course, is the principal figure in the published articles. He feels strongly that the doc-

uments do not tell the true story because they are mostly contingency plans, some of which neither he nor Secretary of State Dean Rusk ever heard of. In 1964 Johnson sincerely hoped to be able to negotiate his way out of a major war in Viet Nam. At one point, he told his advisers not to come to him with any plans to escalate this war unless they carried with them a joint congressional resolution.

The former President is particularly sensitive to charges that he misled the people about U.S. involvement in the Asian ground war. His position is that at the time he vowed not to send American boys to do the fighting that Asians should do for themselves. With some causticity, Johnson believes he fulfilled this pledge, since there were thousands of South Vietnamese under arms—and still the situation was critical—before the major U.S. troop buildup began. The U.S. only did what the Asians could not do for themselves.

In retrospect, Johnson thinks his greatest mistake was waiting too long—18 months in office—before putting more men in, for by then Viet Nam was almost lost. Another mistake, he feels, was failing to institute censorship—not to cover up mistakes, but to prevent the enemy from knowing what the U.S. was going to do next. As for trying to hide the troop buildup, L.B.J.'s rationale is that he was trying to avoid inflaming hawk sentiment in the U.S. and to avoid goading Hanoi into calling on the Communist Chinese for help.

Contrary to rumor, intimates say that Johnson does not plan to rewrite his memoirs because of the articles; rather, he believes that all of the material on Viet Nam in the book will successfully parry their implications.

The man responsible for the newspapers' series, in one sense, is Robert McNamara, who ordered the Pentagon story while he was Secretary of Defense. McNamara is said to hope that the entire report will be declassified soon for use in libraries and archives, but feels the sensational way in which the documents were released is tragic.

He is known to believe that if the more delicate messages between allies come out, there will be enormous embarrassment and distrust of the U.S. in a number of countries that jeopardized their diplomatic credibility to aid the U.S. Even more serious is the likelihood that young people are now just not going to believe in the Government, in their institutions, and in their history.

Yet McNamara is credited with the most pragmatic view of the incident: now that the documents are out, the country should forget about the man who leaked them and get on with the task of learning from the Pentagon papers.

South Viet Nam and Laos did? The reply took issue with the conventional application of the domino theory. "With the possible exception of Cambodia," said the CIA, "it is likely that no nation in the area would quickly succumb to Communism." The spread of Communism would not be "inevitable."

McCone kept badgering the President. On a flight to New York with Johnson in late 1964, he argued that limited bombing of North Viet Nam would be ineffective. "They'll turn their collars up around their ears, pull in their necks and ride it out." Finally, in April 1965, he put his thoughts on a paper circulated among top-level Government officials. The memo predicted events with uncanny accuracy. The bombing strikes had not demoralized the North Vietnamese, McCone argued. "If anything,

LARRY BURROWS—LIFE



MARCH 1965: WESTMORELAND AT DANANG
Taking precautions against publicity.

the strikes to date have hardened their attitude. With the passage of each day and each week, we can expect increasing pressure to stop the bombing. Therefore time will run against us in this operation and I think the North Vietnamese are counting on this. We can expect requirements for an ever-increasing commitment of U.S. personnel without materially improving the chances of victory. We will find ourselves mired down in combat in the jungle in a military effort that we cannot win, and from which we will have extreme difficulty extricating ourselves."

In a sense, McCone and the CIA were only doing what they were paid \$600 million a year to do: provide accurate information to guide American policymakers. Allowed to go its own way, largely immune to the pressures that cause other agencies to oversell policies, the CIA takes pride in its detachment. When he once briefed McNamara, the late respected operations chief, Desmond Fitzgerald, expressed doubt that the data reflected the actual situation. "Why?" demanded McNamara. "It's just a feeling," replied

FitzGerald. McNamara gave him a stony stare and later ordered: "Don't ever let that man in here again."

Equally prescient and independent was Under Secretary of State George Ball. Unswayed by the technocrats around him, he kept warning respectfully that their course was wrong. His memo to President Johnson on July 1, 1965, took account of souls, and French history, as well as weapons. It concluded: "No one can assure you that we can beat the Viet Cong or even force them to the conference table on our terms, no matter how many hundred thousand white, foreign [U.S.] troops we deploy. Once we deploy substantial numbers of troops in combat, it will become a war between the U.S. and a large part of the population of South Viet Nam. U.S. troops will begin to take heavy casualties in a war they are ill-equipped to fight in a noncooperative if not downright hostile countryside. Once we suffer large casualties, we will have started a well-nigh irreversible process. Our involvement will be so great that we cannot—without national humiliation—step short of achieving our objectives. I think humiliation would be more likely—even after we have paid terrible costs."

Congressional Outrage

The revelations of the Pentagon papers angered war critics on Capitol Hill, who claimed vindication for their long-held feeling that Congress had been misled by the Executive Branch. "These documents," fumed Idaho Democrat Frank Church, "secure Johnson's position as a liar." Declared Maryland Republican Charles Mathias: "I am outraged—but I'm worn down with outrage." Yet the Congress made no immediate move to grasp control of the war from the Nixon Administration.

The Senate promptly defeated the McGovern-Hatfield amendment to cut off all funds for the war by the end of this year. The vote was 55 to 42, a margin only six votes smaller than that on a similar motion last year. A compromise

to set the deadline at next June 1 also failed, 52 to 44. The House easily rejected (254-158) the Nedzi-Whalen amendment, which would have cut off military procurement funds for Viet Nam by Dec. 31. The Pentagon study revealed "a humiliation of Congress," agreed Michigan Democrat Lucien Nedzi, "but it simply hasn't filtered down yet." Vermont's Republican Senator George Aiken contended that the Congress had grown all too accustomed to its inferior role. "For a long time, the Executive Branch has tended to regard Congress as a foreign enemy—to be told as little as possible," he charged.

No Diverting Debate

Whether the papers will have any impact on next year's presidential campaign seems to hinge partly on the outcome of the legal contest now under way and on what the rest of the papers reveal. With the documents beginning to circulate, more disclosures seem inevitable as other publications probe the war's secret history. Certainly Hubert Humphrey's potential candidacy for the presidency has been weakened. Although his aides insist he so persistently opposed Johnson's war policies that he was finally excluded from planning sessions, Humphrey cannot completely sever his ties with L.B.J. in the public mind.

What lessons can be lifted from all of those pages of secret papers? The most instructive revelation may be how little faith the leaders had in those they led—a classic case of the arrogance of the powerful. The deceptions and misrepresentations stemmed from a conviction that the public would not face up to the harsh realities of Viet Nam. Even within the Government, sound intelligence estimates were often rudely ignored if they failed to fit policy preconceptions. There was a self-deception that if the U.S. unfailingly demonstrated its determination to persevere, Hanoi would buckle. But the North Vietnamese always knew that the struggle was ul-



JUNE 16, 1968: BOMBED OIL REFINERY
Only ratchets to crank up the pressure.

timate for them, peripheral for the U.S.

Partly because they held secrecy so dear, the Johnson officials rarely had to face publicly those questions that Bill Bundy described as "disagreeable," and thus they never had to think through the tough answers. Although complete candor is not always possible, policies that must stand the test of grueling public debate tend to be better policies, as Harvard's John Kenneth Galbraith argued last week. Through it all, there seemed to be no time for quiet contemplation. Exhausted men concentrated on immediate means rather than eventual ends. A poignant example of this thinking was recalled by TIME Correspondent Jess Cook. In the spring of 1967, after a long and fruitless retrospective interview, he asked McNamara: "Isn't there anything you regret at all about how the war was conducted?" There was a long pause. "Yes," replied the weary Secretary. "There is one thing. We should have been able to come up with a better technique for population control."

Pointers from History

The man who directed the Pentagon study, Brookings Historian Leslie Gelb, recently declared in a *Foreign Policy* article that the question is not "Why did the system fail?" but "Why did it work so tragically well?" The men who had decided that Viet Nam must not fall into Communist hands—and almost all of our leaders since 1949 shared this conviction—dominated the decisions. The paradox and tragedy of Viet Nam, argues Gelb, was that "most of our leaders and their critics did see that Viet Nam was a quagmire, but did not see that the real stakes—who shall govern Viet Nam—were not negotiable. What were legitimate compromises from Washington's point of view were matters of

APRIL 1966: CLEARING RUBBLE AFTER U.S. AIR STRIKE IN NORTH VIET NAM



life and death to the Vietnamese."

How can this kind of thinking be changed? Gelb contends that a President must demand much more of his security advisers; they must probe more deeply into what really is in the national interest. The President must also take the risk of "re-educating the public and congressional opinion about Communism." If Nixon and his predecessors, it now seems clear, had not spoken so often about the need for "victory" and the humiliation of "defeat," and had more coolly assessed the real stakes—as well as the terrible price—in Viet Nam, there would be less trauma over withdrawal and countless lives might have been saved.

Learning From the Past

Has the Nixon Administration learned any such lessons? How much different is the Nixon Administration's decision-making process? There have been qualitative changes. Nixon is a more orderly, more disciplined and less instinctive thinker than Johnson. He would rather read than talk; he probably demands and gets better briefs. Henry Kissinger is a more brilliant thinker than Walt Rostow or McGeorge Bundy. Under Nixon, there have been efforts to elicit a more systematic range of views from federal agencies, but whether they get any closer to the top man is doubtful. There is no convincing indication that the psychology and life-or-death motivation of the enemy is any clearer to Nixon officials, and fears of a U.S. "defeat" still unduly haunt the White House. The exaggerated claims of success in Laos and Cambodia carry hints of continuing attempts at deception. But Nixon is of course disengaging, however slowly, and that is in itself proof of a new realism.

Last week the Administration seemed more intent on proving that, as one White House source put it, the New York Times "has taken stolen goods and printed them." As for the war, a high Administration official argued that "when the records of this Administration are stolen, they will show that we made monumental efforts to end the war. But the question is whether it is possible to end the war when everybody is kicking and shoving you to surrender." Conceding that this Administration, too, has lost credibility with its critics, the official declared: "Ultimately we can disarm our critics only by our performance. All we can do is prove by deeds that we meant what we said."

That is fair enough. Whether Daniel Ellsberg has advanced the end of the war by his transmission of the stolen documents remains doubtful. But his larger purpose may yet be served. If the Government and the public come to understand the atmosphere, the pressures, the false and strained hopes, and the futile decisions that pervade the whole secret history of Viet Nam, the wrong decisions may not be made again—or at least not so easily.

The Legal Battle Over Censorship

THE confrontation was historic. For the first time in U.S. history, the Government had gone to court to suppress publication of a major article in a major newspaper. In so doing, the Nixon Administration revived that ancient antithesis of a free press, the long discredited practice of "prior restraint." For its part, the Government claimed that never before had a newspaper published top-secret information that would endanger the national interest.

The drama began last Monday night after the New York Times had already published two installments of its massive report. After researching what action he could take, Attorney General John Mitchell finally sent a telegram to the paper, citing a provision in the espionage law that carries a possible ten-year sentence or \$10,000 fine for any

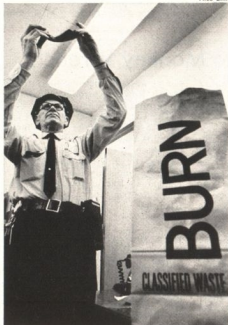
cent Nixon appointee, U.S. District Judge Murray I. Gurfein, who was serving his first day on the bench. Last Tuesday the new judge issued the restraining order and set a Friday hearing to consider the injunction. Meanwhile, the Government showed concern about its key legal problem: how to prove the alleged injury. It asked Judge Gurfein to order the Times to turn over its "stolen documents" for examination. Though Gurfein barred any such "fishing expedition," the paper provided a list of the documents in its possession.

When the hearing (much of it in camera) began on Friday, a new development complicated the case. The Washington Post started to publish its own version of the Pentagon report. It did not print the classified memos verbatim as the Times had done, but it quoted liberally

from them. The story also went out to the 345 client newspapers that subscribe to the combined Los Angeles Times-Washington Post news service. In addition, both the A.P. and U.P.I. picked up the story for the benefit of hundreds of other papers.

During the Manhattan hearing, Yale Law Professor Alexander Bickel, representing the Times, suggested that the Post's move had mooted the case against his client. As he saw it, the injunction was now academic and the Times itself had become the injured party. "The readers of the New York Times alone in this country are being deprived of the story," Bickel argued. That became even more evident when U.S. District Judge Gerhard Gesell in Washington rejected the Government's request for a temporary injunction against the Post. Lacking clear proof that the pre-1968 report was damaging to current national security, Gesell refused to give the Government the right "to impose a prior restraint on publication of essentially historical data." The Government's only remedy, he said, was to bring criminal charges against the paper after it published the material. He also warned the Post that it was in "jeopardy of criminal prosecution."

Some five hours later, a three-judge appeals court reversed Judge Gesell's ruling. By a vote of 2 to 1, the higher court halted further Post disclosures pending a full hearing in which the Government must prove the need for a permanent injunction. Meanwhile in Manhattan, the Government failed to prove that need to Judge Gurfein's satisfaction. Denying the injunction against the Times, Gurfein reported that Friday's secret hearing had produced no evidence of damaging data. "Without revealing



STATE DEPARTMENT SECRET DISPOSALS
Safeguards against disclosure.

one convicted of willingly disclosing secret defense information that could jeopardize the safety of the country. The Justice Department chose not to file criminal charges because its main concern was to prevent publication of the documents. Instead, Mitchell asked the paper to stop printing the report and return all the material in order to avoid "irreparable injury" to the U.S.

The Problem of Proof

When the Times refused to comply, Assistant Attorney General Robert Mardian began the Government's legal attack by seeking a temporary restraining order—the prelude to a permanent injunction—in Manhattan's federal court. By chance, the case went before a re-

the content of the testimony," he wrote, "suffice it to say that no cogent reasons were advanced as to why these documents, except in the general framework of embarrassment, would vitally affect the security of the nation." But the *Times* was still blocked from publishing the report until the U.S. Court of Appeals ruled on the case the following Monday. The U.S. Supreme Court may well have the final say on the subject.

If the Government ultimately prevails, it could compromise the basic principle of a free press. As far back as 1644, John Milton fought against prior restraint in *Areopagitica*, his famous protest to Parliament "for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing." Hard-won democratic tradition insists that a free press is vital to an informed electorate: Anglo-American law has generally rejected any Government right to license a newspaper or censor its publication for any reason. William Blackstone, the great 18th century English jurist, stated the basic proposition: "The liberty of the press is indeed essential to the nature of a free

state; but this consists in laying no previous restraints upon publication, and not in freedom from censure for criminal matters when published. Every free man has an undoubted right to lay what sentiments he pleases before the public; to forbid this is to destroy the freedom of the press."

Artillery of the Press

This principle was embodied in the First Amendment, which shields virtually all free speech and printed matter. Jefferson, a target of bruising journalistic attacks, spoke ruefully of "the artillery of the press." But like most Presidents since, he recoiled from censorship and cheered the demise of the infamous Sedition Act, which had enabled the Government to jail critical newspaper editors. In various wars the Government has often tried to penalize a newspaper for something it has published—but only after the article appeared, not before. In 1931 the Supreme Court reinforced that principle in the case of *Near v. Minnesota*. Under a Minnesota

statute, the state government shut down a scandal sheet that had printed articles lambasting official graft. The Supreme Court declared the law unconstitutional. Calling the closure "the essence of censorship," Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes wrote: "That the liberty of the press may be abused by miscreant purveyors of scandal does not make any the less necessary the immunity of the press from previous restraints in dealing with official misconduct."

In the case of the New York *Times* and the Washington *Post*, the Government claims that it is simply trying to recover "stolen" documents that are vital to American security. It is the issue of security that colors the case and sets it apart from earlier precedents. In their more feverish moments, Government officials have argued that disclosure of the documents will enable the Communists to break American codes. They would only have to compare the deciphered cables in the *Times* with the coded U.S. messages they have on file for the same day. They might then

Man with the Monkey Wrench

If I could find the proper forum, I would be willing to risk 20 years in jail. I must expose the duplicity of the Government.

DANIEL ELLSBERG, 40, one of the authors of the documents he has made public, is a nervous, intense and brilliant man. He is seen by his associates as possessing the mind of a Niels Bohr and the soul of a tortured Dostoevsky hero. As a former Pentagon colleague put it: "Dan would have been an excellent Jesuit in another time. He has a perfect logical mind and an unbending sense of morality." Ellsberg was for a time one of those faceless bureaucrats who sit at the fulcrum of decision making and are privy to the most guarded information. Yet he has a marked capacity for excess. One friend says that his reversal from a pro-war to an unequivocal antiwar position is completely in character. "That's the kind of guy Dan is. He's sensitive and passionate, as well as being immensely intelligent. When he was a hawk, he wanted to be up along the DMZ fighting. When he became a dove, he became an active dove."

Born in Chicago, he graduated from Harvard *summa cum laude* in 1952. During his junior year, he was editor of the *Advocate*, the school's literary magazine, a rare post for an economics major. As a senior, he served on the *Crimson*, stayed on at Harvard to win his master's and eventually a Ph.D. His thesis on the nature of the decision-making process, titled *Risk, Ambiguity and Decision*, was so complicated and so incisive that he became an overnight star in the rapidly developing field of systems analysis. Ellsberg joined the Rand

Corp., where he became the protégé of Henry Rowen, currently the corporation's president.

The critical step in Ellsberg's career came in 1964, when he went to the Pentagon as a special assistant to John McNaughton, then Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs. He landed the job because of McNaughton's role in nuclear issues, such as the test-ban treaty. As a former professor put it: "Ellsberg just got drawn into Viet Nam, the same way McNaughton did, the same way all of us did." He became so drawn in that he seriously wanted to re-enter the Marine Corps, in which he had done a stint as an officer. He once gloomily said: "If I went back into the corps, they'd never give me a company anyway. Once they learned that I wrote speeches for McNaughton and Robert McNamara, they'd have me writing speeches for some general." He consoled himself by inserting such stridently militant phrases into McNaughton's and McNamara's speeches as "The only way to think of the Viet Cong is to think of the Mafia."

Ellsberg did finally get to Viet Nam—as a member of Major General Edward Lansdale's senior liaison office of elite intelligence agents. Later he was put in charge of evaluating the new pacification program for the U.S. embassy. In this sensitive post, Ellsberg traveled all over Viet Nam, had access to the highest civilian officials and saw the ugliest face of the war: the corruption, manipulation and terrorism on both sides. He must have also seen more than his share of civilian casualties, for it



DANIEL ELLSBERG

was the Vietnamese victims that eventually came to plague his conscience. Still, while he was serving his tour with Lansdale and the U.S. embassy, his only reservations about the war revolved around its conduct. Otherwise, as he wrote in the class notes for his 15th Harvard reunion, his role as a combat observer compensated for "a somewhat unfulfilled career as a Marine platoon leader and company commander during peacetime."

When he wrote that, Ellsberg was laid up in Bangkok with a severe case of hepatitis. He felt that "the alternatives before me are to stay on with the Gov-

acquire enough information to break up any number of secret U.S. missions and capture the agents. But experts tend to doubt this particular nightmare. Modern cryptography, they feel, is so sophisticated that enemies would face an all but insuperable task in trying to learn anything from the scattered documents in the *Times*.

Other Government objections are more solidly based. A certain amount of privacy is necessary both in dealings between agencies in Washington and in diplomatic negotiations with other nations. Officials may be less likely to be candid even in private if they are afraid that their remarks will be published. Many more will adopt Dean Rusk's practice of communicating orally and putting very little in writing. Says longtime Public Servant Averell Harriman: "If governments can't have private papers kept in confidence, I don't know how you can do business in government."

But the Government's case is weakened by the fact that it has removed so much information from the public eye

in recent years. In the name of national security, it has often classified material that simply embarrasses it. Historians, for example, are not allowed access to State Department records of any event that occurred less than 25 years ago. A Court of Appeals decision last year upheld the right of the U.S. Army to prevent a reputable historian from examining files on the forced repatriation of Soviet prisoners after World War II.

Arbitrary Silence and Leaks

Meanwhile, bureaucrats freely use secret information to suit their own purposes; the U.S. Government almost runs on calculated leaks. Many important state papers, classified as secret, have been passed surreptitiously to favored members of the press. The Yalta Conference papers were one example, the Gaither report on national defense another. Just last week, a Defense Department study on the dovish side was leaked to the *Washington Post*. It revealed that the multiple warheads on

the Soviet SS-9 intercontinental missile lack the accuracy to destroy U.S. ICBMs in a surprise attack. Once they leave Government service, innumerable officials bring out memoirs bristling with once-classified material intended to put the author in the best possible light.

No less than any other American institution, the press has a responsibility to consider the national interest when it covers the news. But it is also true that a free press is a vital part of the national interest. This is especially true of the U.S.: unlike Britain's Parliament, Congress does not have an automatic right to question members of the Executive Branch, who wield increasing power over the lives of Americans. Such scrutiny falls to the press, which must be unhindered in its honest endeavor to seek out the truth. This pursuit surely outranks the squeamishness and even the reputations of public officials—unless it can be proved beyond cavil that the national interest is seriously endangered. And that takes a lot of proving.

ernment in Viet Nam or to return home to research and consult: a choice between the engine room and the belly of the whale." The hepatitis helped him to make up his mind, and Ellsberg returned to the Rand Corp. in 1967, working basically out of the Santa Monica, Calif., office. He kept all of his top-level security clearances and remained active as a Government consultant. Ellsberg worked with Henry Kissinger—his former teacher—to smooth the transition from the Johnson to the Nixon Administration, and has said that he drew up the options for a Nixon Viet Nam pol-

icy. According to Ellsberg, Kissinger adopted all of his proposals almost verbatim except one: a fixed withdrawal date.

Soon Ellsberg, who seemed set for a brilliant Government career, was beginning to feel the lash of collective guilt. Even before the *Tet* offensive in 1968, he began to voice his doubts about the war; his initial attack came during a gathering of intellectuals in Bermuda under the sponsorship of the Carnegie Endowment. As the war dragged on, his sense of personal guilt heightened and his torment deepened. His conflict had developed to the point that even Kissinger was reluctant to include Ellsberg in the Nixon planning group.

Ellsberg disconcerted Rand officials by organizing a group of five associates to write a sulfurous letter to the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* denouncing the war. He also wrote a scathing piece for the *New York Review of Books* on Nixon and the Laos incursion. He began to see not only himself but everyone who did not demonstrate actively against the war as a "war criminal." He seemed obsessed, and his friends found it impossible to get him to talk of other topics; many were put off when he called them "good Germans" for not protesting against the war.

By the spring of 1970, he realized that his views were becoming an embarrassment to Rand, so he resigned and accepted a fellowship at M.I.T., aiming to write a book on Viet Nam. He remarried (he has two teen-age children by a previous marriage) and settled down in Cambridge, Mass. But Ellsberg could not keep his singular mind off the war. He had the support of his wife Patricia, a Radcliffe graduate and daughter

of Toy Manufacturer Louis Marx, a Nixon supporter.

By week's end, Ellsberg had not emerged from underground. He disappeared Wednesday afternoon from his house near Harvard Square. When he does come back into public view, no one is quite sure just what will happen to him. As one friend notes: "If the Government decides to prosecute him, it's going to be one helluva trial because he's really a very impressive figure. I think he'd like a platform like that."

In a sense, Ellsberg symbolizes the national torment that the brutal, seemingly interminable war has created. He grew to believe that the war would not end in the foreseeable future unless a massive monkey wrench was thrown into what, in his view, was a perpetual-motion machine. The documents were the wrench. Ellsberg had earlier offered them to Senator George McGovern, who decided not to make them public.

In a broad sense, Ellsberg is but the latest in a series of Government elitists—McNaughton, McNamara, Clark Clifford—who have turned away from the war they once so fervently supported. He himself is particularly scornful of the war's apologists, such as Arthur Schlesinger and Richard Goodwin. Ellsberg has put it this way: "My role in the war was as a participant, along with a lot of other people, in a conspiracy to commit a number of war crimes, including, I believe, aggressive war." He especially takes issue with Schlesinger's view that Viet Nam resulted from a series of small decisions and that it is unfair to seek out guilty men. "The only trouble with that account of our decision making," he said, "is that it's totally wrong for every Viet Nam decision of the last 20 years."



PATRICIA MARX ELLSBERG

The New Public Enemy No. 1

In Richard Nixon's Washington, drug abuse has reached crisis priority. Heroin addiction mounts appallingly among American soldiers in Viet Nam; each returned paneload of G.I.s adds to the drug malaise at home. Once confined to black urban ghettos, the disease has come to invade the heartland of white, middle-class America. In the judgment of some soberminded politicians, the spread of heroin addiction could have the effect of precipitating an American pullout from Southeast Asia. The President moved last week to head off any such repercussions, declaring a "national emergency" and initiating the most intensive antidrug program yet undertaken in the U.S. Said Nixon: "America's Public Enemy No. 1 is drug abuse."

In a message to Congress, the President called for the creation of a Special Action Office of Drug Abuse Prevention, a kind of supercoordinator of the activities of the nine federal agencies already active in trying to control drugs. In both scope and power, its functions will be unique. It is supposed to develop overall federal strategy for drug

programs in general, and specifically for those within the military. Among its direct responsibilities will be major federal drug-abuse prevention, education, treatment, rehabilitation, training and research programs. The office was set up on a temporary basis by Executive Order pending congressional approval. The director, Dr. Jerome H. Jaffe, 37, Director of the Drug Abuse Program for the Illinois Department of Mental Health, will report directly to the President. The appointment is a sign of Nixon's seriousness: Jaffe is a leading expert on methadone therapy for heroin addicts and a major figure in research on drug abuse.

The President's program will cost \$371 million; \$216 million has already been budgeted, and the remaining \$155 million is new money to be allocated by Congress. There is serious question as to whether such sums are adequate, but at least they mark a start.

The largest share is slated for compulsory treatment and rehabilitation of addicted Viet Nam veterans. What Nixon proposed, and quickly put into effect last weekend at Cam Ranh Bay and Long Binh, is a program that will subject all G.I.s to urine tests before they return to the U.S. to ascertain whether they have been using heroin or amphetamines. Those found to be on drugs will be given a week of detoxification before they are sent home. If Congress approves, they will also receive an additional three weeks of mandatory therapy in the U.S. at Veterans Administration facilities.

Troublesome Addicts. Perhaps more important than compulsory treatment will be the opening of VA facilities to all former servicemen in need of rehabilitation. Under current regulations, anyone with a dishonorable discharge—the generally accepted means of flushing troublesome addicts from the military—is not eligible for VA therapy. In the first four months of this year, for example, 394 of the 1,003 Marines dismissed from the service for drug-related abuses were

discharged dishonorably and could not qualify for rehabilitation. (Most of the others received either general or undesirable classifications.) The new program would change all that.

One-Way Street. It may also change the nature and techniques of drug control. The President has asked Congress to permit the U.S. Government to use information provided by foreign police to prosecute international narcotics dealers, so long as that information is obtained in compliance with the laws of that country. Nixon has requested \$2,000,000 for research and development of equipment and techniques for the detection of illegal drug traffic; \$2,000,000 for research and development of herbicides to destroy narcotics-producing plants "without adverse ecological effects"; and an additional \$26.6 million for the Treasury Department, primarily to intensify customs controls.

One source of the problem, as Nixon recognizes, lies in the countries where opium is grown and processed into heroin, and he is stepping up efforts to win their cooperation. He is also requesting \$10 million for improved education and training in the field of drugs at home. "We need an expanded effort to show that addiction is all too often a one-way street," he told Congress. "It is essential that the American people be alerted to this danger, to recognize that it is not a danger that will pass with the end of the war in Viet Nam, because the problem existed before we were in Viet Nam."

Ominous Specter. Despite the President's disclaimer, the problem has been greatly accelerated by the war. Officially, the estimates are that between 26,000 and 39,000 G.I.s use hard drugs. New York Congressman Seymour Halpern, just back from Viet Nam, puts that figure as high as 60,000, most of them on heroin. There are an estimated 250,000 addicts in the U.S. Some authorities believe that if 75% of them supported their habit by committing crimes the cost to the country would exceed \$8 billion yearly. With the return of the addicted veterans, the cost of heroin in dollars, in violence and more subtly in broken lives and suffering, becomes even harder to reckon. Just last week in Detroit, seven addicts were massacred in a gangland-style war for control of the city's \$350 million heroin trade. The dead, all shot in a drug dealer's apartment, bring to 50 the number of heroin-related murders in the city this year. The specter of highly weapons-trained, addicted combat veterans joining the deadly struggle for drugs is ominous. Warned Iowa Senator Harold Hughes, speaking in Detroit over the weekend: "Within a matter of months in our large cities, the Capone era of the '20s may look like a Sunday school picnic by comparison."


From President Nixon's viewpoint, the "national emergency" he has declared is crucial to the country's morale and integral to both the resolution of the

DIRECTOR JEROME JAFFE



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in Puerto Rico.

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Listen to Edward T. Krieger, President and General Manager of International General Electric in Puerto Rico: "It's the skills and spirit of the people here that really matter. There are a fast-growing number of jobs for the first level of management. Foremen. Supervisors. Plant managers. And plenty of hard workers who can be trained to fill these positions. Take a look at GE's two plants in Vega Alta, for example."

In 1965, GE Controls, Inc., began operations at Vega Alta (20 miles from San Juan). Today, GE employs several hundred people at its two plants there (GE Pilot Devices, Inc., opened in 1966). These are not just assembly operations; the entire manufacturing process is completed. With labor divided equally among men and women, 90% of the employees are from Vega Alta; only a few are U.S. continentals.

Joseph S. Russell, President and General Manager of both Vega Alta plants, says: "We have very little turnover in supervisory personnel here. Our employee relations manager's knowledge of the town and its people accounts for much of the smoothness of our operation. Both plant managers are Puerto Rican."

Russell's employee relations manager is a woman, Doña Alida Auger, who has lived all her life in Vega Alta; her husband was a member of Puerto Rico's House



of Representatives in 1947.

Pablo Serrano, Plant Manager at GE Controls, says: "I was promoted from assembly line supervisor in 1970. Work here means everything to me. I love it. During my daily 15-minute meetings with employees they can discuss any difficulties that come up."

Serrano is related to almost 100 of his fellow Vega Altans and performs many good works through local fraternal groups.

One of the supervisors says: "In Puerto Rico the people have had little chance to improve themselves. But the talent's there. When given a chance, we can handle management situations." Another supervisor adds: "I want to train other people to do what I do. Puerto Ricans need specialized knowledge."

To prepare its new generation for industrial expansion, Puerto Rico puts strong emphasis on trade shops, technological training and advanced studies in engineering and management.

At GE Pilot Devices, nearby Plant Manager Luis Del Valle says: "I came to GE in 1966 with considerable experience in mold-making and aluminum extrusion. But here you become a top-performance guy. You learn to solve problems."

Del Valle claims about 50 relatives in Vega Alta, with several cousins in the GE plants. His three sons are going to be engineers.

A total of 107 of Fortune's 500 top U.S. firms now (or soon will) operate plants in Puerto Rico, with an aggregate potential investment of almost \$700 million. These companies are located in 60 different island municipalities, and 53 of them operate more than one plant in a single community.

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war and his own chances of re-election. Last week, for example, several votes for the unsuccessful McGovern-Hatfield amendment to set a Dec. 31, 1971 deadline for U.S. withdrawal from Viet Nam came from Senators troubled by the drug problem. Jacob Javits of New York saw drug abuse as "the kind of issue that can change the whole situation," and warned that "the American people could get so fed up that the troops will all be out of there faster than McGovern, Hatfield or anybody else ever dreamed of, regardless of the consequences." Indeed, in the latest Gallup poll, drugs have moved up to become the nation's third most pressing concern, behind only Viet Nam and the economy.

Archaic Thinking. The approaches to eliminating heroin have too long been sporadic, diffused and confused. The President's program is only a first step, but it is a good one. Nixon's program heralds a more sympathetic approach to the addict's problems. Says one of its architects: "As the notion of the right to rehabilitation evolves into the consciousness of America, it will get us away from the archaic thinking that the drug addict is an evil character." It may also end, or at least curb, the spread of addiction. There is an urgency to the President's drug program. Time is running out—both for the President's goal of a measured end to the war, and for the rehabilitation of a growing number of American youths.

THE RACES

One Step Forward . . .

Something is dually wrong with an America in which a white prostitute can buy a house where a black businessman can't.

—The Rev. Theodore Hesburgh

The chairman of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights only put into epigram what frustrated black leaders have been saying for years: American suburbs are still posted with FOR WHITE ONLY signs. The immediate case in point is Black Jack, Mo. (pop. 3,900), a pleasant, middle-class suburb of St. Louis. The community was incorporated primarily to pass zoning laws, which would have blocked a federally funded low-income housing project (TIME, April 26). Despite Black Jack officials' insistence that their concern was to keep their suburb safe for the middle class, the move was so blatantly antiblack that the Administration was virtually forced to step in. Last week, after six months of study, the Justice Department filed suit against the community, charging it with illegal housing discrimination.

The Government's suit was well timed; it was announced 24 hours before George Romney, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, arrived to testify before Father Hesburgh's commission. Under considerable fire from Hesburgh, who admits to skepticism about the Administration's zeal, Romney main-

tained that it would be HUD's policy to grant housing funds only to communities that are willing to accept housing projects for the poor. The Federal Government, however, will not force low-income housing on anyone. As one Administration official put it: "We're not swinging a big stick. We're just saying we can withdraw the carrot."

. . . One Step Back

While the Nixon Administration took a relatively favorable position in an integration case last week, the Supreme Court came out on the other side in a decision concerning the public swimming pools of Jackson, Miss. By a 5-to-4 vote, the court ruled that Jackson had not violated any civil rights law by closing its pools instead of integrating them, as a lower court had ordered the city to do in 1963.

Writing for the majority, Justice Hugo



URBAN LEAGUE'S JORDAN
To be heard—and get results.

Black was not moved by the fact that the local Y.M.C.A. had taken a pool it had leased to the city and now runs it strictly for whites. As he saw it, Jackson officials made no effort to encourage or otherwise support private, segregated pools. Instead, said Black, the evidence on the pool closings "shows no state action affecting blacks differently from whites."

In a dissenting opinion, Justice Byron White wrote that he had "little doubt" that the closings were an official "pronouncement that Negroes are somehow unfit to swim with whites." Black felt it necessary to warn from the bench that the majority view should not be taken as encouragement for the closing of public schools to evade integration—a tactic long since outlawed. But distinguishing between pools and schools sidesteps the point that perhaps no distinction should be made at all.

A Man at the Bridge

When Whitney M. Young Jr. died in Lagos, Nigeria, last March, the already depleted ranks of national civil rights leaders suffered a seemingly irreparable blow. Militant young blacks, scornful of older, more established organizations like Young's Urban League, have not produced a man with his skill as a persuasive negotiator and as a goad to whites who wield economic power. Last week the National Urban League announced the selection of a successor to Young who may well prove to be the bridge between black leaders of the past and black demands of the future. Vernon E. Jordan Jr., a black lawyer whose career has spanned the history of the modern civil rights movement, will become executive director of the Urban League next January.

At 6 feet 41 inches, Jordan cuts a formidable figure. In 1961, while Georgia field director of the NAACP, he cleared a path through an angry white mob and led the first black coed into the University of Georgia; the image of Jordan shielding Charlayne Hunter from students screaming threats and obscenities remains among the indelible Southern memorabilia of the early 1960s.

From 72 to 564. Four years later, Jordan took up a task that was to put him in the national spotlight and reorder the politics of the South. As head of the Voter Education Project of the Southern Regional Council, he directed a campaign that registered nearly 2,000,000 new black voters. He crisscrossed the South, setting up registration drives and urging black leaders to run for office. During his tenure at VEP, the number of black elected officials in the South increased from about 72 to 564. Jordan then moved to the United Negro College Fund; there, he revitalized one of the major fund-raising arms of the country's black colleges and universities.

Jordan comes to the Urban League during a period of crisis within the civil rights movement. Disillusionment and violence have retarded the development of a second generation of national leaders; increasingly, blacks have turned away from national organizations toward local programs and local leadership. Jordan declines to speculate about any changes he may make in Urban League policies and programs, but his belief in the importance of black political power is likely to be felt once he takes over.

Jordan observes that by education and experience he is a lawyer. President Nixon often makes the same point about himself; Jordan intends to take his case to the Lawyer-President—"and not only be heard, but get results." Jordan is a persuasive man. He once took part in a hot debate over civil rights with a conservative Southern Congressman—who was so impressed that he offered Jordan a job.

THE WORLD

Common Market: What If Britain Says No?

IN Luxembourg's Kirchberg European Center this week, a meeting is taking place that may well mark a watershed in Europe's torn and often tragic history. For the fifth time in six months, the foreign ministers of the six members of the European Economic Community are meeting with Chief British Negotiator Geoffrey Rippon to clear the last hurdles on the terms for Britain's entry into the Common Market.

Only two major issues remain unresolved: a guarantee for sales of New

With Norway, Denmark and Ireland poised to join Britain in entering the Market, the Six may thus become the Ten by 1973 (the target date for formal British entry), giving Europe its greatest unity since the beginning of the breakup of Charlemagne's empire in 814.

The irony is that this time it is the British who may keep themselves out of the Common Market. British sentiment has turned sharply against a linkup. Aware of the strong anti-Market tide,

endured for 14 years without British participation, but it has gone about as far as it can without enlargement and greater political integration. If Britain does not join, neither will Denmark, Ireland and Norway, since their own trade patterns are dependent on London. Such developments as the creation of a common currency and a joint foreign policy might not materialize, since they require a political will that the Six alone, due to their old rivalries and animosities, are unable to muster.

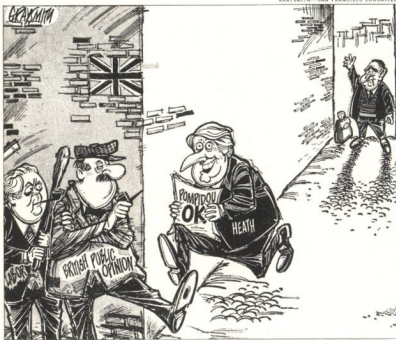
For example, France wants Britain as a counterweight to West Germany's ever-growing economic and political strength. If London opts to stay out, the French would be tempted to play up to Moscow, and perhaps also to Britain, as a hedge against West German hegemony in Western Europe. Another bad effect would be the undermining of West German Chancellor Willy Brandt's *Ostpolitik*. Brandt cannot hope to establish a sound and peaceful basis for relations with the Communist nations unless he is backed by a strong, united Western Europe. An isolated Germany, moreover, has undertaken irrational and tragic actions in the past. In the U.S., Western Europe's failure to unite would intensify a budding mood of isolationism and heightened demands for a reduction of American defense commitments.

Economic Effects. Britain would experience the severest jolts of all. Most ranking British politicians feel that Ted Heath would have to step down as Prime Minister if Britain failed to get in. The Labor Party would also face an internal feud, since Deputy Party Leader Roy Jenkins and Shadow Foreign Minister Denis Healey are both publicly committed to Britain's joining Europe.

The economic effects would be similarly far-reaching. Anti-Market Britons like Professor Nicholas Kaldor, who was an economic advisor to the Wilson government, argue that Britain needs to remain outside EEC regulations in order to reform and revitalize its economy. Pro-Marketters argue, however, that Britain urgently needs both tariff-free access to the larger Continental market and increased competition at home to snap its industries and stodgy unions out of their lethargy.

With Britain outside the Common Market, its economic growth, which has been the slowest among major industrial countries, would be further stunted. One official British study estimates that British per capita income would rise by \$500 less during the next nine years if Britain fails to join the EEC.

What concerns many ordinary Britons



"We're gonna be in the Common Market! We're gonna be in the . . ."

Zealand's dairy products to the Common Market, and the amount of Britain's initial contribution to the \$4 billion EEC budget. No one expects either issue to block British progress. In 1963 and again in 1967, British hopes of joining Europe foundered on Charles de Gaulle's imperious no. This time the French mood is different, as was obvious during last month's summit meeting between President Georges Pompidou and Prime Minister Edward Heath. "They are bantering and joking with us," reports a delighted British negotiator. "Their orders clearly are 'Get it through.'"

Barring an unforeseen snag, the British are almost certain to leave Luxembourg by the middle of this week with an attractive set of terms, including probably an initial British payment of just under 10% of the EEC budget.

Heath said last week that he would not submit the entry issue to Parliament until after the summer recess and the annual party conferences in early October. By that time he hopes that an extensive government publicity campaign will have rallied grass-roots support for EEC membership, but it is just as possible that the opposition will have become more deeply entrenched. Former Prime Minister Harold Wilson has accused Heath of "trying to bounce Britain into Europe," and he may very well lead the Labor Party into an anti-Market position.

Negative Results. What would happen if Britain did not join the Common Market? Many Continentals find the prospect so depressing that they dislike even thinking about it. When they do, they use words like disaster, tragedy and unthinkable. The Market, of course, has

most is that British entry will mean greatly increased food prices as the country moves behind the EEC's high agricultural-levy system. Almost equally important is a premonition that many of the best things about Britain—the peaceful villages, easygoing work habits, the uncommon civility that graces British life—will be endangered by EEC membership. There is a positive dread that chattering Frenchmen would monopolize London's sidewalks, that garlic-eating Italians in careering Alfa Romeos would shatter the tranquillity of the rustic British countryside, and that those too-efficient Germans would brusquely alter the cozy tea-break routine of British workers.

This buldog nationalism and Dover Cliffs insularity interact with a suspicion that the Common Market is Catholic and capitalist and would corrupt Protestant and socialist Britain. In a recent issue of the *New Statesman*, British Journalist Paul Johnson divided Britons into insularists (King Arthur, Queen Elizabeth I, Cromwell, Anthony Eden) and Continentalists (Thomas à Becket, Charles I, Harold Macmillan). "Britain has always chosen the adventure of sovereignty in preference to the presumed security of a Continental system," wrote Johnson. "And history shows that in the end she has always chosen rightly."

No Place to Turn. Heath's efforts to overcome such objections will be greatly handicapped by the country's growing economic difficulties, which most Britons attribute to his austere policies. The latest Gallup poll showed Heath's popularity to be at its lowest point since he took office one year ago; only 31% of those questioned approved of his performance. In addition, the Tories trail Labor by 18 points in voter preference, a reading that has been substantiated in Labor victories in recent by-elections for Commons seats. There are presently 800,000 unemployed British workers, the highest number in 30 years, and only last week Scotland's famed Upper Clyde Shipbuilders, who constructed the luxurious *Queens*, went into bankruptcy.

Heath's strongest argument may well be that Britain has no place else to turn. As Britain has already learned, the Commonwealth is too far-flung and economically disparate to be a workable trading community. The dreams of a North Atlantic Free Trade Area, which would have initially embraced Britain, Canada and the U.S., and eventually Australia and New Zealand, have died for lack of interest among the potential partners. EFTA, the nine-nation trading bloc that Britain organized as a counterpart to the Common Market, has for all its economic success, failed to develop sufficient cohesion to compete with the more prosperous EEC. Despite misgivings, a majority of Britons are convinced that Britain will join Europe. But if the British, in a fit of bloody-mindedness, shut themselves out this time, they may not get another opportunity.

Soviet Thrust in the Mediterranean

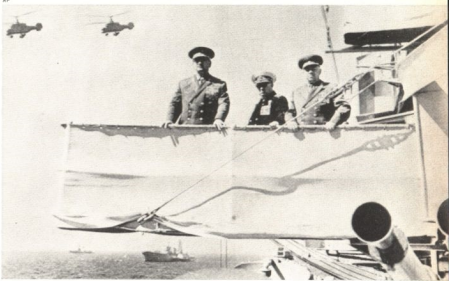
NOW the spy will appear," murmured the signal officer of the cruiser *Dzerzhinsky* as the Soviet vessel cautiously approached the Bosphorus on its voyage from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean.

"What spy?" asked the man at his side, an *Izvestia* correspondent who was aboard the cruiser because Defense Minister Andrei Grechko, Fleet Admiral Sergei Gorshkov and General Aleksei Yepishev, the top political commissar for the Soviet military, were paying a visit to Moscow's Mediterranean fleet.

"The American destroyer," said the signal officer. "It always glues itself to us as soon as we pass through these narrows." Sure enough, the *Dzerzhinsky* had no sooner passed Istanbul when a Sixth Fleet destroyer, the U.S.S. *Rick-*

was bound to be either friendly, neutral or innocuous.

Since 1964, however, the U.S. has increasingly had to share its *mare nostrum* with a constantly growing Russian fleet. Today the two forces are very nearly equal. The Sixth Fleet, commanded by Vice Admiral Isaac C. Kidd Jr. (who will shortly move upward to become head of the Naval Materiel Command and be replaced by Vice Admiral Gerald E. Miller), consists of 45 ships, including three aircraft carriers, along with four submarines, 200 planes and 25,000 men. Under Vice Admiral V.N. Leonenko, the Soviet force, an arm of the Black Sea fleet, consists of 40 to 60 ships, ten to 13 submarines and as many as 10,000 men—but no aircraft except



GRECHKO, GORSHKOV & YEPISHEV ABOARD SOVIET CRUISER IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

"No, we are not guests in this sea."

etts, took position alongside. Surveillance was so close that the exasperated captain of the *Dzerzhinsky* finally flashed a message: "Sir, this is not Broadway. Please find a safer place for your promenade."

Formidable Force. The skipper of the *Ricketts* was acting out of habit. Since World War II, the Mediterranean has been an American promenade from the Dardanelles to Gibraltar, 2,330 miles to the west. A formidable task force of warships and combat-ready Marines was posted in the Mediterranean to protect the southern flank of NATO, to "project force ashore" in the event of political crises, and simply to show the U.S. flag. For a long time the Mediterranean was an American lake; any warship sighted

those aboard the helicopter carriers *Moskva* or *Leningrad*. U.S. combat ships on the average are 19 years old; the Russian fleet averages only seven years. Of all Soviet warships serving in international waters, fully one-half are assigned to the Mediterranean. Says Kidd: "We walk a tightrope of adequacy."

In the Battle Zone. U.S. officers are understandably alarmed by this shifting of balances. Soviet naval strength on all oceans has been growing with remarkable rapidity for several years now (TIME cover, Feb. 23, 1968). "Nothing stops them," admits Admiral Thomas H. Moorer, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. "They are moving in everywhere." Nowhere is this more true than in the Mediterranean. Warns U.S. Admiral Horacio Rivero Jr., the diminutive (5 ft. 3 in.) commander of NATO forces in southern Europe: "What was traditionally NATO's southern flank has

* It happened only once, in 1958, when Marines waded onto Beirut beaches strewn with Coca-Cola bottles and suntanned bathing beauties to protect a pro-Western Lebanese government from a coup.

developed into its southern front. The Mediterranean, which was for NATO part of the zone of the interior, a rear area, is now within the battle zone." Concern filters down to officers at sea with the fleet. "There is no feeling now of being on a second team," says Captain John E. Hansen, skipper of the 62,000-ton carrier *Franklin D. Roosevelt*. Says Commander Richard Hopper, who heads the *Roosevelt's* 75-plane air group: "This used to be a sunshine cruise. Pilots volunteered from here for Viet Nam. Now the action is here."

The Russians have become a constant threat in the Mediterranean because they have learned to keep their ships on station and, as the U.S. does, resupply them at sea with the four essential *b's*—bombs, bullets, beans and black oil. At the same time, Soviet diplomacy has carved out several important auxiliary ports for the fleet along the Mediterranean coasts. Among them are Latakia in Syria and Alexandria

by the Principality of Kiev in the 10th century. The Russian presence in the Mediterranean was forcefully reaffirmed in 1770 when Admiral Orlov defeated the Turkish fleet at Tchesme. Later the Russians made a series of amphibious landings on the Ionian islands and even captured Corfu in 1799. "No, we are not guests in this sea," crowed *Izvestia*. "Many glorious victories of our people are connected with it." (*Izvestia* conveniently forgets, of course, that soon afterward the Russians gave up Corfu and were bottled up behind the Bosphorus by the Crimean War.) The U.S. is equally insistent on its Mediterranean rights, which date back to Stephen Decatur's arrival in 1803 to fight the Barbary pirates.

With both superpowers patrolling the Mediterranean in force, the grim game of surveillance is played in dead earnest. Both sides are particularly vigilant for submarines, which are difficult to detect in the shallow waters where

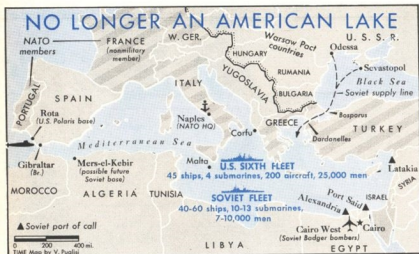
near the U.S. carriers, a "fastback alert" is sounded, and Phantom jets are catapulted off the carriers to keep the Badgers from getting too close. The Phantoms always approach gradually and at an angle, sometimes drawing abreast of the Soviet planes. On one such occasion, a Phantom pilot was surprised to see his Soviet counterpart hold up a centerfold from, of all things, *Playboy* magazine.

The two fleets have one mission in common. Kidd estimates that much of his time, like that of the Soviets, is spent in showing the flag around the Mediterranean. Beyond that, however, the two forces have vastly different roles. The U.S. carriers and their Phantoms still have an offensive nuclear capacity against East bloc targets. Half the fleet's planes are kept in the air at all times in order to make certain that a surprise Soviet missile attack would not sink the entire Sixth Fleet strike force. The Russians, on the other hand, appear to be primarily intent on neutralizing the Sixth Fleet. For this purpose they have assembled an impressive array of missile power aboard their ships, including the 22-mile-range Styx aboard small gunboats, the 100-mile Strela aboard destroyers, and the 400-mile, supersonic Shaddock aboard Soviet cruisers.

To defend itself against the Russian missiles, the Sixth Fleet has patched together new responses in recent months. Two 240-ton patrol gunboats superpowered by jet engines have been transferred from Viet Nam as an experiment. The gunboats move so swiftly (top speed: 40 knots) that their crews must be strapped into their stations. Admiral Elmo R. Zumwalt Jr., who is Chief of Naval Operations, has dubbed them "triple trailers" because they are assigned to lurk behind the Soviet vessels that trail U.S. ships.

Rethinking Roles. The U.S. is also fitting out some ships with surface-to-surface standard missiles that have 35- to 60-mile ranges. In two or three years, after further research and development, more efficient Harpoon missiles will be introduced. In addition, in an unusual move for a nation that has traditionally developed its own weapons, the U.S. is considering buying either the Israeli surface-to-surface Gabriel missile or the French Exocet.

Ultimately the Navy and the Administration will have to make some new decisions about the Sixth Fleet's makeup and mission. It now defends NATO's supply lines, provides a small but sinewy landing force, supports and protects the Polaris nuclear submarines that operate out of the U.S. bases of Rota, Spain, and Holy Loch, Scotland, and furnishes a nuclear punch in case of war. With aging ships and outmoded ordnance, it is difficult enough to carry out those assignments. Since the fleet is taking on the added mission of neutralizing the Russians, the job may be growing close to impossible.



and Port Said in Egypt. The Russians, who now sail the western Mediterranean more frequently, have also shown an interest in using the Algerian seaport of Mers-el-Kebir. Last week they got another potential port of call when Malta's Labor Party won a one-vote majority in the island's Parliament. Malta has long been the unsinkable aircraft carrier of the British Mediterranean defense system, but Labor Party Leader Dom Mintoff won the election partly by promising the island's 320,000 inhabitants that he would relax this link to the West. The Russians do not really need another naval base, but they may find irresistible the idea of just showing the red flag on an island that was long a NATO bastion and won Britain's George Cross for heroism in World War II.

Historic Roles. In connection with Grechko's visit last week, *Izvestia* emphasized Russia's ancient historic role in the Mediterranean, tracing its beginnings to a navigation treaty signed

thermal layers and the screws of some 2,000 merchantmen on any day distort sound. The watch is most intense at six main "choke points," or "ticket gates," as Admiral Kidd calls them, through which maneuvering submarines must pass. These are Gibraltar, the sea south of Sardinia and Sicily, and the areas between Crete and Greece, Crete and North Africa, and Crete and Turkey. Both sides keep watch on the choke points. At the same time, surface ships frequently shadow one another. Cruising aboard the *Roosevelt* recently, *TIME* Correspondent John Shaw was startled to come on deck one morning to find that during the night a Soviet *Kashin*-class destroyer had taken station 500 yds. away.

Triple Trailers. The same shadow game is played aloft, but there are very special roles. Soviet TU-16 Badger bombers with Egyptian markings fly out of Cairo West airbase to follow the Sixth Fleet and look for Polaris submarines. Whenever they get



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It's not metal until we make it.

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MIDDLE EAST

Ambush at the Gate of Tears

Israelis call their southern seaport of Eilat "a big hole in the right place." Its clear, deep, coral-bottomed natural harbor easily accommodates big ships. Since the completion last year of a 42-in. pipeline that runs 160 miles from Eilat across the Negev to the Mediterranean port of Ashkelon, the big hole is ordinarily choked with tankers waiting to off-load oil. Last week one such ship became a special attraction for vacationers at seaside motels. While moving through the narrow strait of Bab el Mandeb (Gate of Tears), which separates the Gulf of Aden and the Red Sea, the 78,000-ton tanker *Coral Sea* had been attacked by a speedboat whose occupants fired ten bazooka shells at the unarmed vessel during a ten-minute pass.

Full Responsibility. Meeting newsmen aboard his ship five days after the attack, Hebrew-speaking Greek Captain Marcos Moscos, 37, displayed the damage. Two of the shells had missed from a distance of less than 100 yds., and six did only superficial harm. But two compartments loaded with oil were hit; in one, a fire raged for 45 minutes. "We were lucky the ship didn't explode," said Moscos. "It didn't because we pumped more oil into the tank and kept gases from gathering. But the main credit is God's."

Though angry Israelis suspected that Egypt might have had a hand in the high-seas attack, the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine quickly took "full responsibility." It was the Front, a Marxist Arab guerrilla group, that held 357 hostages at various times in Jordan last year and blew up four skyjacked jetliners. Its spokesmen in Beirut insisted that the speedboat had traveled a full 1,300 miles from the Jordanian port of Aqaba to carry out the attack, but this seems highly unlikely. More probably, the boat sailed from islands around Bab el Mandeb controlled by the radical government of the People's Democratic Republic of Yemen (which was Southern Yemen until a name change six months ago), or was carried to the scene aboard a bigger craft. An unmarked trawler was in the area at the time of the attack. In any case, the guerrillas appeared to be trying to sow trouble among nonradical Arabs. The reference to Aqaba might have been meant to prod Israel into some sort of reprisal against Jordan's only seaport as a way of injuring King Hussein.

Token Force. The attack on the *Coral Sea* brought into the open what up to now has only been whispered: that crude oil fed into the Trans-Israel Pipeline at Eilat—some 20 million tons is anticipated this year—comes not only from Iran but from Saudi Arabia and some other Arab states on the Persian Gulf as well. Arab oil is not carried by Israeli-flag ships, of course, but by vessels that are registered in third countries, like the Liberian-flag *Coral Sea*. Sailing or-

ders are often doctored so that there is no record of some ships' ever carrying oil to Eilat at all. Arab leaders have tried not to think about the matter for practical reasons: Saudi Arabia and Kuwait help support Egypt and Jordan with annual subsidies out of oil revenues. How they get their oil to Western Europe's thirsty countries, with the Suez Canal closed, is something that they would prefer to keep to themselves.

Aside from spurring Israel to preventive measures against further attacks and embarrassing a number of Arab countries, the P.F.L.P. attack had a third effect. It raised new doubts about whether Washington will eventually be able to draw Israel and Egypt into an interim agreement on reopening Suez. Secretary of State William Rogers tried to sound optimistic at his press conference last week. He indicated that the U.S. hopes at some point to involve the Soviet Union in the discussions. What Washington wants, according to other sources, is a pledge from Moscow not to move Soviet personnel stationed in Egypt across the canal into Sinai. Both sides in the Middle East still appear interested in an agreement. One difficulty, however, is that the Arab guerrillas are likely to try to scuttle any settlement through methods like the shelling of the *Coral Sea*. At week's end, the Israelis had not retaliated but, as Defense Minister Moshe Dayan said, "We won't sit with our hands folded."

ITALY

The Voters' Corvito

Thirty-six hours before voters went to the polls last week in municipal and regional elections, Italy's small but increasingly influential neo-Fascist party, the *Movimento Sociale Italiano* (M.S.I.), staged a victory celebration in Rome's swank Casina Valadier restaurant. Ordinarily the script might call for the premature celebrators to come up with pasta all over their faces, but, when the election results came in last week, the M.S.I.'s self-confidence proved to be justified. In Sicily, Rome and 157 other cities, a determined get-out-the-vote campaign helped lure more than 96% of the eligible voters to the polls. The neo-Fascists captured 13.9% of the vote, nearly double what they received in the last provincial and municipal elections, and the largest gain made by any party since Italy resumed voting after World War II.

The M.S.I. gains do not mean that Fascism is running rampant over the boot, or even that the center-left balance of power has been significantly altered. Most of the balloting, involving nearly one-fifth of Italy's 37 million voters, took place in the conservative south; it almost certainly would have presented a vastly altered picture if it had included the large industrial, traditionally leftist cities of the north. Nonetheless, the show of neo-Fascist strength seemed to be a vigorous protest against the wave of strikes and disorders, the ris-

ing unemployment and the sluggish pace of reforms that have afflicted Italy for the past three years. Said Socialist Giacomo Mancini, whose party is the second strongest in the ruling coalition: "The M.S.I. would not have gained so much if the coalition had defended, sustained and carried forward reforms in housing, health and schools."

Anger & Frustration. Most of the neo-Fascist votes were picked up at the expense of the Christian Democrats, Italy's dominant political organization. Last week the Christian Democrats registered 31% of the total vote, compared with 35.2% in last year's regional elections. Except for Genoa, where they preserved their old power balance with one-third of the tally, the Communists also dropped



ITALIAN GIRL GETTING OUT THE VOTE
Across the boot, a boom of rage.

votes. The M.S.I. gains were most pronounced in Sicily, where the party picked up eight seats for a total of 15 in the regional legislature. The Christian Democrats, by comparison, lost seven seats, which left them with 29. The Sicilian vote was interpreted as a response to a wave of Mafia terrorism.

Typical of the anger and frustration prevailing in Italy's impoverished south was the situation in Catania, an industrial city at the foot of Mount Etna. Projected only a few years ago as the Milan of the south, the city today is overwhelmed by seemingly unsolvable credit difficulties. Voters there gave the neo-Fascists an impressive 21.5% of the vote. "It was a *corvito*," said a worker. The word means "a boom of rage."

A Soldier's Death: From Solzhenitsyn's August 1914

Denied the right to publish his powerful new work in the Soviet Union, Russian Novelist Alexander Solzhenitsyn allowed it to be issued in Paris two weeks ago (TIME, June 21). Already *August 1914* has been acclaimed by its early readers for its epic sweep, for the religious themes that echo through it and for its superb battle scenes; some, in fact, have called it Solzhenitsyn's *War and Peace*.

All of Solzhenitsyn's major novels are concerned with the behavior of men in extremis, be it in prison, in a cancer ward or, as in this case, at the battle front. The author describes the new work, the first volume of a projected trilogy, as "the main task of my life," and notes with regret in an afterword: "Now that I am on my way to the goal, I am afraid it is too late. I may not have time and creative imagination left for this 20-year work." Solzhenitsyn focuses on eleven days during the Czarist army's disastrous East Prussian campaign. He sees this period as the turning point of modern Russian history, leading to revolution and the birth of the Bolshevik regime. Although it occurs more than 100 pages before the panoramic novel's end, the excerpt that follows is the dramatic climax.

It takes place on the night of Aug. 29, 1914, after the rout of the Russians at Tannenberg. The Russian commander, General Alexander Samsonov (an actual historical figure), walks through the dense Prussian forests with the remnants of his staff. "He had only wanted what was good," writes Solzhenitsyn, "but it all turned out extremely badly." This is one of the novelist's principal themes—that good intentions are not enough to make the world a better place.

As his fellow officers prepare for their capture by burying their documents and insignia to conceal their high rank, Samsonov at first resists. Finally, apathetically, he allows one of his comrades to strip him of his own insignia. Suddenly he feels unencumbered and free—the freedom that rises out of total despair. Now he is anxious only to rid himself of his entourage and especially his orderly, Kupchik, who sticks close to him carrying the saddle blanket that belonged to the commander's abandoned horse.

It was difficult to walk. His legs were not used to it, and he was stricken by shortness of breath. His asthmatic breathing was heavy with the effort of this simple, unencumbered movement. The real test for the body comes when you lose authority over others, when your means of transport and protection are gone, when your general's epaulettes, which once expressed the essence of your being, have been cast away, and your heart cannot keep pace. Your lungs

can no longer take a full breath, as though they were more than half blocked. Your legs are unsteady. Your pace falters. You stumble on the mossy ground, and trip on the fallen brushwood. Instead of being pleased to be making some headway, escaping perhaps, you are glad only of a halt when you can lean against a tree trunk and catch your breath.

Samsonov felt ashamed to ask his men to stop for a rest, but perhaps out of concern for him they did so every hour, and sat on the ground. Kupchik was always there to deftly spread out the saddle blanket under him. He was glad to be able to stretch out and rest his aching legs.

But they could never sit for long. The brief hours of night would soon



POSTER SHOWING BATTLE OF TANNENBERG

slip away and with them, their last chance. Toward midnight, the moon lowered and was clouded over, together with the stars. They could see nothing in the dark as they stumbled along in single file sensing each other's presence only by the crackle of twigs underfoot and their own heavy breathing. The forest trail had got much worse. It was swampy and sometimes the way was barred by impenetrable undergrowth or by dense thickets of young pines. They thought it would be dangerous to stray in the direction of Willenburg where they could easily run into a German patrol. They bunched closer together and kept calling out in low voices. Now there were no more halts. Whenever they came to ditches, Kupchik and a Cos-

sack captain gripped Samsonov by the arms and pulled him across.

What Samsonov found most burdensome was his body. Only his body. It dragged him down into pain, suffering, shame and disgrace. To rid himself of the disgrace, the pain and the burden, all he needed to do was to rid himself of his body. It would mean passing over to freedom—something he longed for—like taking a first really deep breath with his congested lungs. Earlier that night he had been reduced to a mere sacrificial idol for his staff officers. Now, after midnight, he had become more like a pillar of stone that could scarcely be moved any longer.

The hardest thing was to get away from Kupchik, who kept right behind him, sometimes touching his back or his arm. But as they skirted a thicket, Samsonov tricked his orderly. He slipped to one side and stood dead still. The sound of branches crackling and breaking, and the lumbering tread of heavy footsteps faded away.

It was quiet everywhere. The whole world was hushed. Armies had ceased to battle. Only a fresh night breeze stirred, ruffling the treetops. This forest was not hostile. It belonged neither to the Germans nor to the Russians but to God, and it gave refuge to all His creatures.

Leaning against a tree trunk, Samsonov stood for a moment and listened to the sound of the forest. Near by, the torn pine bark creaked in the wind. And above it all, just under the sky: the cleansing sigh of the treetops.

He felt more and more at peace. He had come to the end of his long soldier's career. He was abandoning himself to danger and death. Now ready to die, he had never imagined that it could be so simple, and such a release.

But the only trouble was that suicide is held to be a sin.

The hammer of his revolver clicked back softly. Samsonov placed it in his cap, which had fallen to the ground. He took off his saber and kissed it. He groped for the locket with his wife's portrait and kissed it too. He walked a few steps to a place where the sky showed through clearly. It was clouded over except for one tiny star that vanished, then appeared again. Dropping to his knees on the warm pine needles, he prayed with his face lifted to the star—he did not know which way was east. First he said the ordinary prayers, then none at all. He just knelt, looked at the sky and breathed. Now he groaned out loud, without restraint, like any other dying forest creature: "Lord, forgive me, if You can, and receive me. You see: There was nothing else I could do, there is nothing I can do."

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EAST GERMANY Toward a Triumvirate

As East Germany's Eighth Party Congress got under way one morning last week, the 9 a.m. newscast from East Berlin reported that Walter Ulbricht was at that moment delivering the first address. In fact, Ulbricht was nowhere in sight. In a last-minute turnabout, a stand-in had been called on to read the speech for the man who symbolized East Germany for a quarter century and was replaced only last month as Communist Party chief by Erich Honecker. A half hour later, the East Germans somewhat lamely announced that Ulbricht was ill. Oddly enough, he had looked spry on TV only the day before as he greeted Communist leaders arriving at East Berlin's Schönefeld Airport.

There are three possible explanations for Ulbricht's absence. One is that he

kiss on Honecker, leaving a crestfallen Ulbricht standing there on tiptoes.

There is considerable speculation that Ulbricht, who is still chairman of the Council of State, will step down from that post later this year. His most likely replacement would be Premier Willi Stoph, 56; Horst Sindermann, 55, is considered the probable successor to Stoph. Inasmuch as Honecker seems more inclined to adopt a collective leadership rather than Ulbricht's pattern of autocratic rule, experts foresee the emergence of a triumvirate composed of Honecker, Stoph and Sindermann.

Honecker's cautious approach was dramatically underlined during last week's congress. In a six-hour speech, he mentioned the Soviet Union no fewer than 55 times. He never brought up Ulbricht's old claim that West Berlin occupies East German territory and thus should be taken over by East Germany some day. Instead, Honecker de-

the U.S. West German Chancellor Willy Brandt said in New York City that he was quite encouraged by Brezhnev's remarks. Once the Big Four have reached an understanding on improving the status of West Berlin and technical details have been worked out by East and West Germany, Brandt will submit the treaties of Moscow and Warsaw to the Bundestag for ratification. If the Big Four agreement actually helps the economic fate and morale of the 2,100,000 West Berliners, Brandt would be virtually assured of getting the treaties through the Bundestag. That, in turn, would greatly improve the atmosphere in Europe for new moves toward détente, including talks on mutual troop reductions.

FRANCE

Woman's Lip

En route to an ice cream parlor in Juan-les-Pins on the French Riviera one day last summer, a doctor's wife named Josette Varinet, 30, discovered that she and her two children were taking the wrong route. Mme. Varinet began backing her Peugeot out of the one-way street when suddenly a big black car drove in, and its owner began assailing her with a wordy sermon on the failings of female drivers. To that Josette replied: "Je vous emmerde," an excremental expletive.

The man in the black sedan was furious. "That will cost you dearly," he cried. "You don't know who I am, but I'm a high police official." He made an appointment to meet her at headquarters the next day.

Josette promptly forgot about the confrontation—and the appointment—but almost a year later she received a summons ordering her to appear in criminal court on charges of using "insulting language to a magistrate exercising his duties." Maximum sentence: two years in prison.

The plaintiff, Contreleur Général de Police Michel Gonzales, was confident that no judge would uphold the defendant. In polite society, after all, one never even says *merde* outright but *le mot de Cambonne*, a reference to the same word used by a Napoleonic general when the British suggested that he surrender at Waterloo.

Nonetheless, Judge Pierre Braque-mond deliberated for only ten minutes before acquitting Josette. Gonzales was as surprised as he was indignant, but the judge had a precedent from Normandy as his authority. In an earlier case, the Normandy judge had concluded: "The accused employed a locution as concise as it is emphatic, which was officially inaugurated by a Napoleonic general. Since then, it has been adopted as a useful means of externalizing, without superficial intellectual effort, an infinite variety of feelings. Often it escapes spontaneously from even the best educated lips with no harmful premeditation."



STOPH, BREZHNEV & HONECKER AT PARTY CONGRESS IN EAST BERLIN
And somebody was left standing on tiptoes.

was really ill. That is credible enough for a man who will be 78 next week, though one political expert said: "Sick or not, he is out." Another is that he was actually sacked from his job as party boss late last month, despite East German efforts to make his replacement look like a smooth, amicable turnover. The West German monthly *Deutschland Archiv*, which specializes in East German affairs, maintains that Ulbricht had been under attack for his economic policies and, more important, had displeased Moscow by obstructing East-West diplomatic initiatives. The last and least plausible theory is that, unhappy with the minor role he had been given at the congress, Ulbricht stayed away on his own; the sulk could have been brought on when Soviet Party Leader Leonid Brezhnev arrived at Schönefeld and conferred his first fraternal bear hug and

scribed the city as having a "special political status," an approach that agrees with both the Soviet and Western viewpoints. He also dropped Ulbricht's insistence upon Western diplomatic recognition of East Germany as the prerequisite for Communist guarantees on Western access to West Berlin, which sits 110 miles inside the German Democratic Republic.

Improved Atmosphere. The change in the East German line made Brezhnev's speech at the congress all the more important. The Soviet party leader told delegates that the 15-month-old Big Four talks on West Berlin were reaching the conclusive stage. "I cannot speak for our partners [Britain, France and the U.S.] in the talks," said Brezhnev, "but we for our part are prepared to make efforts to bring this matter to a successful conclusion."

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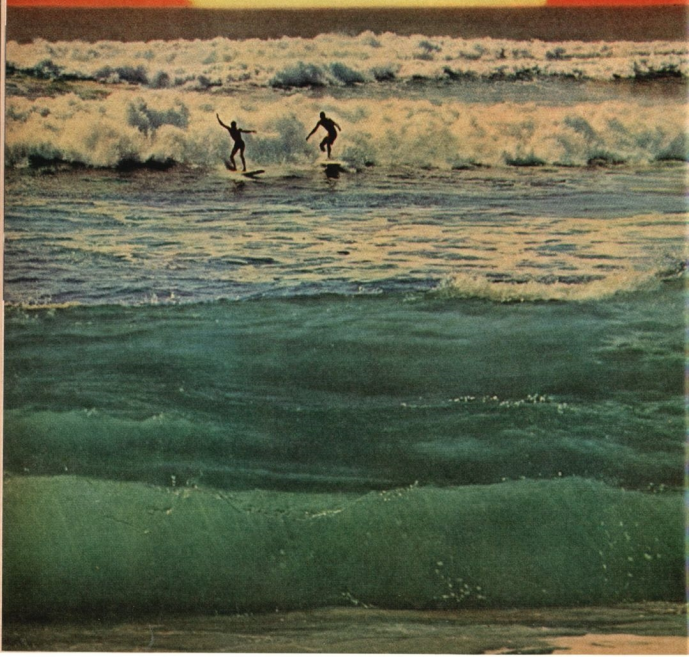
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JAPANESE SURRENDER AT OKINAWA IN 1945



JAPANESE AMBASSADOR USHIBA & ROGERS IN WASHINGTON

Twenty-six years later, the beginning of a new Pacific age.

JAPAN The Spear and the Shield

With morning coffee in Washington (where it was 8:17 a.m.) and French champagne in Tokyo (where it was 9:17 p.m.), the U.S. and Japan last week formally signed a treaty restoring Okinawa to Japanese control. The simultaneous ceremonies, the first of their kind ever to be linked by a satellite television circuit, came 26 years after the U.S. capture of the island in one of the last and bloodiest battles of World War II. They marked the return of the last Japanese territory won by U.S. forces during the war.

In Washington, before 100 guests, Secretary of State William Rogers signed the document in the Thomas Jefferson Room of the new State Department building. President Nixon, who had personally worked out the preliminary agreement for the treaty with Japan's Prime Minister Eisaku Sato in 1969, was not present. The official explanation was that while Sato is merely head of government, Nixon is head of government and state as well. Protocol thus dictated that he not attend unless Emperor Hirohito put in an ap-

pearance in Tokyo. After Foreign Minister Kiichi Aichi signed for Japan, Sato said that he was "happy beyond words" and hailed the treaty as the beginning of "a new Pacific age."

Mixed Feelings. Not everyone was quite so happy. Even while the signing was taking place at the Prime Minister's residence, 90,000 demonstrators throughout Japan protested that the treaty lacked a clear provision for the removal of nuclear weapons from Okinawa. In sporadic clashes with police, more than 600 were arrested, and scores of students and police were injured. Shortly after the signing, three opposition parties announced that they will attempt to block ratification in the Japanese Diet because of the ambiguity of the nuclear provision.

The sentiment in Washington was not undiluted joy either. The treaty must be ratified by a two-thirds majority of the U.S. Senate before it can take effect, probably next year. Some Senators, notably South Carolina's Strom Thurmond and Virginia's Harry F. Byrd Jr., have already threatened to oppose ratification unless the Japanese place more stringent controls on their textile exports.

The U.S., though, will retain 88 mil-

itary installations on the 454-sq.-mi. island, including the huge Kadena Air Base, which is presently a major reconnaissance, support and transport base for the Indochina war. A high American military official on Okinawa said last week that although the U.S. will control only one-seventh of the land it formerly controlled under the treaty terms, "we will have 95% of what we had before. We are keeping those bases that are essential." Japan will take over 46 small U.S. installations, for which it will pay \$320 million in compensation over the next five years.

Crucial Issue. The touchiest matter is the question of nuclear weapons, always a crucial issue in Japanese politics because of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The oblique language of the treaty in this regard—that the "U.S. would not exercise the right to store nuclear weapons on Okinawa" unless Japan agrees—stems from the fact that the U.S. has never officially acknowledged that it has nuclear weapons on Okinawa. There are, in fact, quite a few of them. Last week the Defense and State departments jointly proposed to the White House that hundreds of nuclear bombs, ground-to-ground rockets, atomic land

Keeping "That Face" Out of Sight

TWENTY-SIX years after Adolf Hitler shot himself to death in his Berlin bunker, the face of the late, unlamented dictator has become an acute embarrassment to the Austrian government. *Der Führer*, whose likeness appeared on at least 15 different stamps in dozens of denominations, commissioned a special issue for his 54th birthday in 1943. The Austrian State Printing Office, a Nazi enterprise at that time, printed the stamps in Vienna. No one knows how many went into circulation. But when the Third Reich fell two years later, some 20 million remained, and they have been gathering dust ever since in the basement of the State Printing Office.

Recently the brisk market in Hitler memorabilia has brought demands for the stamps'

release. Two years ago Dr. Franz Sobek, then director of the State Printing Office, was set to sell the stamps to an anonymous collector for \$250,000, a fraction more than 1¢ a stamp. But the Austrian Resistance Fighters objected to the idea that an official Austrian body should profit from "that face," and Dr. Sobek, who was president of the Resistance, quickly agreed. Sobek has since retired.

Austrian stamp dealers as well as lawyers for two important foreign buyers, said to be an American and an Israeli, have stepped up pressure on his successor, Dr. Helmut Fichtenthal. But Fichtenthal is as adamantly opposed to selling the stamps as his predecessor. Rejecting all offers, he said last week: "The sale is an ethical question. I shall guard the stamps as long as I am in office." Philatelists estimate that in the meantime the value of the stamps has increased to \$300,000.



mines and depth charges, air-to-air missiles and surface-to-air missiles be moved to Guam, South Korea, Taiwan, the Philippines and the U.S. American spokesmen insist that any reintroduction of such weapons to Okinawa will require Japanese approval. But the treaty implies that Japan would be obliged to grant such approval if the security of the Republic of Korea or Taiwan was threatened.

The 1969 Nixon-Sato agreement also commits Japan to partial defense responsibility for Asia, with U.S. nuclear power serving as "the spear" and Japanese manpower as "the shield," in the words of Self-Defense Agency Director Yasuhiro Nakasone. Though the Japanese constitution specifically prohibits the country from developing offensive capabilities, Japan has been steadily building up the top nonnuclear military force in Asia, under pressure from the U.S. By 1975, it is scheduled to have a 286,000-man army and an air force with 900 modern warplanes.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Prelude to a Fiery Campaign

As South Viet Nam celebrated Armed Forces Day with a 10,000-man parade in Saigon last week, President Nguyen Van Thieu and Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky appeared together for the first time in several months. They were icy correct, exchanging formal handshakes and cool looks but never speaking to one another.

Veiled Threat. The President and his Vice President have never been the best of friends, but their enmity has rarely been more apparent than last week. The cause of the heightened ill feeling: a stinging speech by Ky that blasted the Thieu administration. In the speech, a prelude to next October's presidential election campaign, in which Ky would

like to oppose Thieu's re-election, the Vice President described Thieu's regime as a "dictatorship" and said that it was worse than a Communist dictatorship "because it is disguised." The armed forces, declared Ky, "cannot be strong because of the plague of corruption. The present military strength is a phony strength that can collapse at any moment." Then, in a thinly veiled threat against Thieu, Ky added: "Those Vietnamese who have the habit of being the servants of the colonialists and who practice the policy of family dictatorship have to take my warning as a serious one."

The editions of fourteen Saigon newspapers that reported the speech were promptly confiscated by the government for carrying articles that were "a threat to national security." The seizure was an indication of how tough a time Ky is likely to have in challenging Thieu. Under a new election bill that Thieu will probably sign this week, Ky will be required to collect the signatures of either 40 Deputies and Senators or 100 provincial councilors. This will be no easy matter either for him or for General Duong Van ("Big") Minh, the only other major contender, who is soon expected to announce his "peace" candidacy.

In a separate development, TIME learned last week of a letter sent by 27 South Vietnamese majors and colonels to Ky and other top Saigon officials. The document accused General Ngo Dzu, commander of II Corps, one of the country's four military regions, of a long list of corrupt practices and falsification of battle reports and casualties. "The typical technique is to do badly but to report well," the officers declared with bitter sarcasm. "We wonder whether we are fighting Communism, or supporting it."

Despite his bold talk about combating corruption, Ky said that he doubted the document's authenticity and indicated that he would take no action. Dzu charges that the letter is the work of his enemies within the army. Whatever the truth of its accusations, the letter is a fair indication of the kind of charges and countercharges that are likely to roil Viet Nam's never calm political waters between now and October.

MEXICO

Showing Them Who's Boss

At first, officials tried to play it down as just another street battle between left-wing students and right-wing bullboys—even though it left at least twelve dead and hundreds injured. But the bloody clash, which erupted two weeks ago when armed thugs calling themselves "Falcones" tore into a peaceful protest march in Mexico City, is shaking the country's government to its foundation.

Attributing the attack to "mercenaries in complicity with inferior authorities," President Luis Echeverría Alvarez last



ECHEVERRÍA AT RALLY LAST WEEK
Capping the volcano.

week announced the resignation of the country's second most powerful figure: Mexico City Mayor Alfonso Martínez Domínguez, the former boss of Mexico's long-dominant *Partido Revolucionario Institucional* (P.R.I.). The capital's police chief, Colonel Rogelio Flores Curiel, also resigned. The resignations followed Echeverría's announcement that the city government would be investigated. The Falcons are believed to have been groomed at city expense as a secret army to embarrass and thwart Echeverría's reformist policies.

A Million Krakatoas. By his quick assertion of authority, Echeverría adroitly weathered his worst crisis since taking office six months ago. "The President has shown who is President of Mexico," said Novelist Carlos Fuentes. Echeverría, 49, also seemed to have won over many students, who have distrusted him since the 1968 Tlatelolco massacre when he served as Interior Minister in the government that ordered in riot police and federal troops; their indiscriminate firing caused at least 33 deaths.

Since taking office, however, Echeverría has assiduously sought a dialogue with students. He has also pressed for social and economic reforms for Mexico's rural poor, who number nearly half of a population of 50 million. "There are a lot of unhappy politicians around who see the end in sight for their patronage deals and privileges," said a high government official last week. "They are a shortsighted lot and don't see that Mexico is a volcano, and if social justice is not instituted to bring those rural millions and urban poor into the economy, this place could go off like a million Krakatoas." Echeverría's most troublesome task now is convincing Mexico's traditionally conservative business community—the bulwarks of his own party—of the urgency of his reforms.



THIEU & KY AT SAIGON PARADE
Formal handshakes and cool looks.

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This is the rate for a three-minute coast-to-coast call you place person-to-person through the operator 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., Monday through Friday.

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Dial it yourself and save.

Examples of rates for various types of calls 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., Monday through Friday*

	Person-to-Person	Station-to-Station Operator-Assisted	Dial-it-Yourself
Atlanta, Ga. to Birmingham, Ala.	\$1.25	\$.80	\$.70
Washington, D.C. to Pittsburgh, Pa.	1.35	.85	.75
Los Angeles, Calif. to Phoenix, Ariz.	1.90	1.25	.95
Kansas City, Mo. to Dallas, Tex.	2.15	1.35	1.00
New York, N.Y. to Chicago, Ill.	2.40	1.45	1.05
San Francisco, Calif. to Philadelphia, Pa.	3.55	1.85	1.35

*Rates referred to above and in the columns on the left are for three-minute calls, 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., Monday through Friday. Dial-it-yourself rates apply on all interstate dialed calls (without operator assistance) from business or residence phones anywhere in the continental U.S. (except Alaska) and on calls placed with an operator where direct-dialing facilities are not available. Dial-direct rates do not apply to person-to-person, coin, hotel guest, credit card, and collect calls, and on calls charged to another number. All rates plus tax.



PEOPLE



CAROLINE & JACKIE ON THE RIVIERA
Red hot and white.

It must have been hot in Portofino on the Italian Riviera when **Jacqueline Onassis**—clad in only a red T shirt and white slacks—shopped with her daughter, **Caroline Kennedy**. After Husband **Aristotle** bought her a few souvenirs and gifts for the kids, they all headed back to the *Christina* for more cruising.

When Britain's Prime Minister **Edward Heath** takes his hand off the tiller of the ship of state, he grabs the tiller of his 41-ft. sloop *Morning Cloud*. In fact, critics feel, he shows more devotion to *Morning Cloud* than to Britain. Opposition Leader **Harold Wilson** has called Heath a "part-time" Prime Minister, and the daily *Sun* has accused "Skipper Ted" of "sitting bronzed and beaming at the helm while the economy of the U.K. sinks slowly." The squalls of outrage really blew up when Heath, intent on winning a place in the ocean-going Admiral's Cup Race in August, went to a qualifying race instead of the trooping of the color on the Queen's official birthday, traditionally attended by the P.M. *Morning Cloud* won, but Skipper Ted came back to find a motion in Commons signed by five Labor M.P.'s and titled "Prime Minister's Snub to the Commonwealth."

On the door of 19 Bergasse, Vienna, the old brass nameplate was back: Prof. Dr. Freud. Inside, the waiting room, office and study where **Sigmund Freud** lived and worked for 50 years had been restored with much of the original furniture for its opening last week as a museum. There were his cream-colored ve-

lour hat, his checkered sports cap, his ivory-handled cane, sent over from London by his psychoanalyst daughter **Anna Freud**. She could not bear, however, to part with the famed couch. Austrian Chancellor **Bruno Kreisky** was on hand for the occasion, with a clutch of city councilors, but Vienna is still almost as cool as it always was to its most illustrious modern son. Of the city's 113 listed psychiatrists, only twelve practice Freud's analysis, and Vienna's Freud Society was founded only a year ago—by Professor **Friedrich Hacker** of Los Angeles. A clear case of repression.

Evidence is mounting that Democratic Senator **George McGovern** has big plans for the ladies. The only self-confessed candidate for the presidency in 1972, McGovern told the Woman's National Democratic Club that if he is elected he will immediately appoint a woman ambassador to the U.N., put women on the National Security Council and include them in his Cabinet. First vacancy on the Supreme Court would get a lady Justice too. "For almost 200 years now, the highest court of this land has been an exclusive all-male club," declared Candidate McGovern. "While justice is female, all the Justices have been male. I'd put an end to that, first chance I got."

In the depths of its economic doldrums, the U.S. entertainment industry rallied last week to raise over \$800,000 for its Motion Picture and Television Relief Fund. There were parties all weekend, notably one given by **Sammy Davis Jr.** and a "come casually beautiful" dinner dance at **Polly Bergen's**. The gala, with an audience of 5,300 at the Los Angeles Music Center, outgaled just about everything in Hollywood memory. "Never before have so many stars appeared in one evening," said M.C. **Jimmy Stewart**, "and that includes the Academy Awards, the Emmy Awards, and all of

Zsa Zsa Gabor's weddings." Highlight No. 1: **Frank Sinatra**, in excellent voice, making his farewell appearance—singing the songs he made famous and ending quietly with a "saloon song" called *Angel Eyes*. He barely whispered the last line, "Scuse me while I disappear," as the lights faded, and he did. Highlight No. 2: **Princess Grace of Monaco**, patroness of the evening, introduced by a nervous **Cary Grant**, her onetime leading man. Highlight No. 3: **Pearl Bailey** hamming it up in her *Hello, Dolly!* number with what may have been the highest priced male chorus line of all time: **Sammy Davis Jr.**, **Rock Hudson**, **Jack Lemmon**, **Greg Morris**, **Joe Namath**, **David Niven** and **Don Rickles**. "At the finish," reported Women's Chairman **Rosalind Russell**, "people were crying, throwing their programs in the air, standing in ovation. The whole thing was glorious."

Evangelist **Billy Graham** is not too pleased with the Jesus Freak brand of Christianity. For one thing, there is that image of Christ as the original hippie. Ignoring those famous words about taking no thought for earthly goods and considering the lilies of the field ("They toil not, neither do they spin"), Graham insisted to his Second Chicago Crusade audience that Jesus "worked hard with his hands, and he was certainly not a dropout." As for the popular rock opera, *Jesus Christ, Superstar*: "It lacks a clear, compelling testimony of Scripture to the person of Jesus Christ," said Billy. "Over and over, a chorus asks, 'Who are you?' and the opera does not supply the answer."

FRANK SINATRA AT GALA



PRINCESS GRACE & CARY GRANT



RYAN O'NEAL & SAMMY DAVIS JR.



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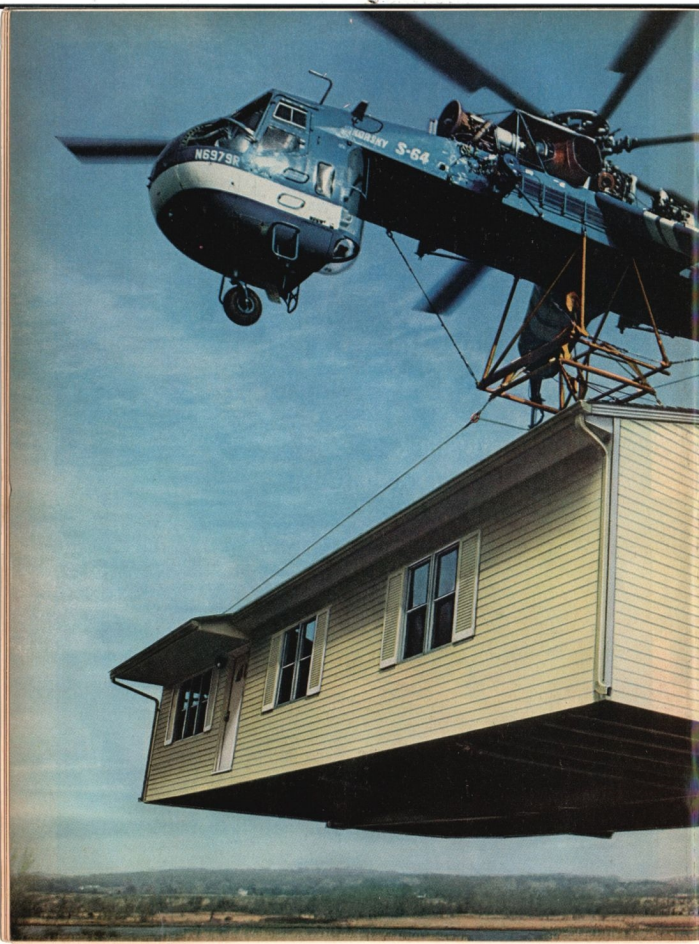
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THE PRESS

Project X

"Neil Sheehan feels Viet Nam is his story," says a friend of the New York *Times* reporter. Sheehan's first reporting job was in 1962 as U.P.I.'s Saigon bureau chief; he covered the war for three years. But it was never more his story than last week, when the *Times* began publishing the Pentagon's secret record of U.S. involvement in Viet Nam.

Neither Sheehan nor the *Times* is talking about the source of the material. But the evidence is that Daniel Ellsberg, a former Defense Department analyst, is the man (see *THE NATION*) who volunteered the files to Sheehan. The reporter wrote a long, controversial book-review essay in March, weighing the question of whether U.S. officials had been guilty of war crimes. Ellsberg told friends that he admired Sheehan's analysis. A short time after the essay appeared, Sheehan, normally based in Washington, was in New York City carrying a sample of the 47-volume report. He spread the papers on the desk of *Times* Managing Editor A.M. Rosenthal, whose eyes widened. "The decision to publish," said Rosenthal, "was made almost the moment it came into our hands."

Rosenthal dispatched Assistant Foreign Editor Gerald Gold to Washington, where he set up headquarters with Sheehan in a hotel room. But it soon became obvious that the project was too big for two people. On April 22, Sheehan and Gold moved their crates of paper into a five-room suite on the eleventh floor of the New York Hilton. They were joined by a team of eight or nine *Times* men and women selected not only for their knowledge of Viet Nam but also their ability to keep a secret. Inquisitive colleagues were told that Hedrick Smith, a diplomatic reporter soon to be assigned to Moscow, was "off studying Russian"; E.W. Kenworthy, who covers the environment beat, took an unscheduled "vacation"; Fox Butterfield was called in from his New Jersey suburban assignment. The team also included two other editors from the foreign desk and two secretaries. All worked under the operational charge of Foreign Editor James Greenfield, who brought a special expertise to the project: he had been Deputy Assistant (1962-64) and Assistant (1964-66) Secretary of State for Public Affairs in the crucial years of the Viet Nam commitment.

Daily Walks. The security problem was extraordinary, but in the end it was solved better than at the Pentagon. A telephone tie line from the suite to Washington was used, but all local calls were made from phone booths. A special identity check was required of anyone entering the team's headquarters. Hotel staff members wondered about the mystery guest, Gerald Gold, who sometimes com-

sumed ten breakfasts and whose bills were running above \$500 a day.

The "Project X" team—as they were dubbed—worried about losing the story. *Village Voice* Writer Nat Hentoff had run an item about a "breakthrough" war story, and it was believed that the Washington *Post* was on to the Pentagon study. For seven weeks the team worked seven days a week, often past midnight; in all, some 30 *Times* staff members were eventually involved. Gold saw his family only five times during the period. Sheehan, who has a bad back, took daily walks in the beginning; but as deadline time neared, had even given up sleeping. The last push was provided by his wife Susan, a *New Yorker* writer. On the Monday after publication, with Sheehan's third piece still in the typewriter, she brought a double bounty: a visit from one of their two

press time, Rosenthal, Vice President James Reston and Sulzberger met until the small hours of the morning. The publisher agreed to run the documents, but ordered the overall daily space allotment cut from twelve pages to six.

Satisfying Headline. After being virtually ignored all Sunday, the story's impact hit the next day. Callers to the *Times* were informed that there would be no comment whatsoever from any *Times*man. Sulzberger himself finally broke the official silence. The report, he said, is "a part of history that should have been made available a long time ago." Added Rosenthal: "The essence of journalism is to make information available. How could we say to our readers, 'We know, but you can't know?'" Rosenthal, an acclaimed correspondent and writer who has lived through some bitter power struggles as a *Times* editor, had plainly never been happier. "The most satisfying headline I've ever seen in the *Times*," he confided, "is the

DAVID SAGE



SULZBERGER & ROSENTHAL

SHEEHAN

We couldn't say, "We know, but you can't know."

daughters, who had not seen her father for weeks, and some Dexedrine. At the *Times* plant, a small, trusted composing crew was walled off to get the story in type; many editors realized the hush-hush project was ready only when they were told that their normal Sunday news space had been cut.

Writing the story was an even bigger job than keeping it a secret. The pages of the huge report were unnumbered and out of order; they had to be organized before they were read, judged and condensed. The writers absorbed 45 books, preparing themselves to compare official, public statements with private memorandums in the report.

At the *Times*, editors were outlining the project to Publisher Arthur ("Punch") Sulzberger in his paneled, 14th-floor office. His reservations against running the news stories were minor, but on the advice of at least one *Times* lawyer, he hesitated at printing the related documents. A few days before

one that read MITCHELL SEEKS TO HALT SERIES ON VIETNAM BUT TIMES REFUSES, I'm going to have that engraved on my tombstone."

Buttons suddenly appeared on lapels of copy boys, reporters, editors, even Sulzberger himself: FREE THE TIMES XXII. (Twenty-two *Times* officers and employees were named as defendants in the Government complaint.) Morale had never been higher. Reston called it "the best week we've ever had." In his column he recalled that the *Times* (at his urging) refused to publish the advance invasion plans for the Bay of Pigs. He claimed that the paper, far from being irresponsible, is in fact often attacked for "playing the Government game" (the Nixon Administration hardly sees it that way). In an odd aside, Reston even admitted that the paper is occasionally "a tedious bore." There is no general principle covering all cases, he concluded. The conflict is "not between what is

right and what is wrong, but between two honest but violently conflicting views about what best serves the national interest and the enduring principles of the First Amendment."

At week's end, an "utterly exhausted" Sheehan surfaced long enough to compare the preparation experience to "living in a submarine." The report, he told TIME, "is a history that belongs to the people of the United States. They paid for it with their lives and with their treasure. These documents are classified only because their disclosure is embarrassing to some people." Born in Holyoke, Mass., and Harvard educated, Sheehan is known as a determined, dogged reporter who eschews the Washington social whirl. In Viet Nam he was one of the trio of correspondents (the others: Malcolm Browne and David Halberstam) whose pessimistic reports about the war so infuriated Madame Nhu that she once reportedly offered to light the immolation match. Last week, through Sheehan's enterprise, a number of past and present Government officials were revealed to have shared the trio's pessimism all along.

New Head at Harper's

In the four months since Willie Morris resigned as editor in chief at *Harper's*, Chairman John Cowles Jr. and Publisher William Blair have examined a list of nearly 100 names in the search for a successor. They talked to about 25 men, including several well known to the journalism fraternity: *Paris Review* Editor George Plimpton, former *Saturday Evening Post* Editor Otto Friedrich, onetime *Newsday* Publisher Bill Moyers, Columnist Tom Wicker, and London Bureau Chief Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times*. Last week Cowles and Blair finally decided on a dark horse: TIME Senior Editor Robert B. Shnayerson.

Bob Shnayerson, 45, has virtually no public image at all. Part of the reason lies in the relative anonymity of TIME editors, but much of it derives from Shnayerson's own personality. He has always been known to his colleagues as an intensely private person. John Fischer, *Harper's* longtime editor who had returned from retirement to see the magazine through its interregnum, first made contact with Shnayerson in early May. He was the only man actually offered the job. He received from Cowles promises of editorial carte blanche and complete parity with Publisher Blair on the executive level.

Polishing Prose. Shnayerson, the ninth editor in chief in *Harper's* 121-year history, is not taking over a healthy magazine. The publication lost \$100,000 last year, and will probably go deeper into the red this year. Circulation stood at 413,000 after *Harper's* acquired subscribers of the defunct *Reporter* magazine; it is now 325,000. Characteristically, Shnayerson says he will "face the music right away," and do what he

can to cut costs. He cleared his desk at TIME on Saturday, reported to his new office 20 blocks away on Monday. He has already asked Acting Managing Editor Lewis Lapham to stay on. The future? There will be a shift in the editorial mix: rather than encourage writers to strut their stuff unhindered by editorial pencils, as they tended to do under Morris, Shnayerson will edit more tightly. In an effort to crack what he calls "the mystique of the mandarins," Shnayerson will try to get pieces from the experts, then use a small staff of "editors who can translate" to polish the prose. He says he plans regular capital coverage in *Harper's*, "some kind of Washington input different from anyone else's."

Shnayerson's own biography could make story material for *Harper's*. He was born Robert Beahan, the son of a playwright and a distant cousin of Brendan Behan. His mother's second mar-



EDITOR SHNAYERSON
Full of surprises.

riage was to a New York surgeon, Ned Shnayerson, who adopted him when he was eight. Shnayerson was subsequently shipped off to a succession of twelve schools. "It was," he recalls, "a miserable but interesting childhood, the kind that—if you survive—makes you stronger for having had it." After World War II service in the Navy (fleet oilers, submarines), he worked briefly as a junior reporter for the *New York Daily News* before enrolling at Dartmouth, where he became the college middleweight boxing champion and ran on the cross-country team. To maintain his fit condition, Shnayerson runs four miles each morning in Manhattan's Riverside Park.

High Standards. His professional life has been less peripatetic. He joined LIFE in 1950, put in a year with the Time-Life News Service as a correspondent based in Seattle, and came to TIME in 1955. He soon quit because of "an

ecerie feeling I was in the wrong place," but returned in 1957. For five years he wrote the magazine's Education section. After surviving a libel suit arising from one of his stories, Shnayerson proposed a Law section for TIME.* He soon became the section's shepherd and one of the most respected legal affairs writers in the country. Appointed a senior editor in 1967, Shnayerson handled TIME's Essay section for almost two years, has since edited Law, Education and Environment, the last section he started, in 1969. Understatement and high standards are the Shnayerson style; his editing tends to be heavy but deft.

Shnayerson speaks of his new assignment with TIME terseness and the hyperbole of a *Harper's* editor in chief: "*Harper's* must be vital. It is a great and important institution. We can't destroy its integrity, its intelligence. We can't become doctrinaire. We can't be predictably liberal or conservative. We must, and will be, full of surprises."

Chandler's Change of Heart

When Los Angeles Times Publisher Otis Chandler summoned his Washington bureau chief to the home office last summer and installed him as an associate editor, nobody doubted that highly regarded Robert J. Donovan was being groomed to become the paper's editor. But last week Donovan was preparing to return to Washington as a Times columnist. Metropolitan Editor William F. Thomas, 47, had been unexpectedly tapped for the top job.

Chandler insisted that Thomas had been in the running for the job all along. But some Times staffers said Donovan, 58, had simply not proved tough enough to take on the administrative headaches that come with the top job. Donovan was not talking; friends described him "extremely disappointed."

The Right Attitude. While Donovan is indelibly stamped as an Easterner, Thomas knows the home territory. He was editor and part owner of a Los Angeles suburban paper, the Sierra Madre News, before joining the Los Angeles Mirror in 1957. He was city editor when the Mirror was killed by the parent Times in 1962, and became metropolitan editor of the Times in 1965. Since then his young and talented local staff has won two Pulitzer Prizes.

Personality may also have played a persuasive part in the surprise selection. "He has the right attitude about things," says Chandler of Thomas. "He and I have a very good personal relationship."

For the next two months, Thomas will hold the temporary title of executive editor while he learns the ropes; he moves to the top on Aug. 23, the day Nick Williams, 64, retires after 13 years in the editor's chair.

* TIME had run a Law section sporadically from 1923 to 1937. It has appeared regularly since 1963.



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BEHAVIOR

Toward Moral Maturity

A group of young inmates in a New England reformatory began meeting regularly last year to talk about a subject that normally receives little attention in prisons: ethics. They were participating in a novel experiment designed by Harvard Psychologist Lawrence Kohlberg to teach moral judgment—not by sermons, but through open discussions.

When the reformatory sessions began, many of the boys agreed with the philosophy of one teen-age felon who insisted that "If I'm not gettin' nothin', I'm not givin' nothin'." But now they share the outlook of another inmate who voices a concept that would have seemed alien to them before they began meeting: that it is important "to respect other people's feelings."

Wide Cross Section. This change in attitude seems to bear out Kohlberg's unique theories, formulated in the course of 15 years of research in the field of moral psychology. He believes that morality "is not a bag of virtues" (honesty, generosity, loyalty and the like) but an idea of justice that is primitive in young children and becomes more sophisticated as a child passes through distinct stages of moral development.

In the first of these six stages, which Kohlberg established after interviewing a cross section of youngsters about imaginary moral problems, "right" behavior

is based on fear of punishment. In the second stage, the criterion is selfish need—as in the case of a child who believed a man should steal a lifesaving drug for his wife because if she dies "there'll be no one to cook his food."

At Stage 3, a child is "good" to win approval; by Stage 4, the law is respected and upheld out of a simplistic concern for law and order. Those who progress to Stage 5 believe that the purpose of the law is to preserve human rights and that unjust laws should be changed. In the opinion of those who reach Stage 6, unjust laws may be broken, because morality is grounded not in legality or in specific rules like the Ten Commandments but in abstract principles of justice and respect for the individual. At this level, a 16-year-old told Kohlberg he would steal to save a life because "human life is above financial gain."

Kohlberg's reformatory subjects were operating primarily at Stages 1 and 2 when the experiment began. Although most of them are now moving into Stage 4, their problems are far from over. As Kohlberg himself acknowledges, moral judgment does not ensure moral behavior; it is hard to act justly in an unjust world, especially for those too weak to resist temptation. Prison rules are often unfair, and prison staffers are not necessarily much more moral than inmates. Outside, released prisoners may find a society that may not help reinforce their new-found morality; although U.S. democracy is founded on Stage 5 thinking, Kohlberg estimates that fewer than one out of three Americans have reached that level.

Moral Nihilism. Yet Kohlberg does not despair, either for his delinquents or for society. He recalls that Socrates was put to death for trying to teach morality and observes that although "we now occasionally assassinate such people, it is not government policy to do so." Besides, as recently as a generation ago, "nobody would have raised an issue such as the Son My massacre." Kohlberg is also optimistic about the behavior of college students; he hopes that the moral nihilism displayed by

some may actually mark "a developmental step forward." He cites as an example one study in which 20% of the students who left high school with a mixture of Stage 4 and Stage 5 morality regressed in college to Stage 2. But by age 25, they had again attained Stage 5, with a new tolerance for moral outlooks different from their own.

Help for Exceptional Parents

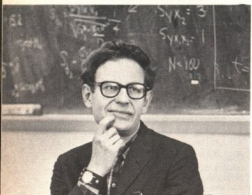
For the parents of the 6,000,000 U.S. children who are physically, intellectually, perceptually or emotionally disabled, life is what Clinical Psychologist Lewis Klebanoff of Boston describes as "a surrealistic nightmare of anxiety, perplexity and fatigue." In the hope of easing that nightmare, Klebanoff and two other Boston psychologists, Stanley Klein and Maxwell Schleifer, have just published the first issue of a new bi-monthly called *The Exceptional Parent*. The magazine offers advice to help "exceptional" children live full lives—not in segregated centers but "in the mainstream of their communities."

The psychologist-editors, who spent \$30,000 of their own money to start the magazine, have put together a first issue of jargon-free articles, which supplement the knowledge of professionals with the special expertise of parents and of the disabled themselves. One piece, the first of a series on recreation, explains how to improvise active wheelchair games that are not only enjoyable, but good for letting off steam. Another details a system for teaching the use of public transportation. The same article deals forthrightly with a highly sensitive and seldom-mentioned topic: the intermittent and "very human" parental wish "to get rid of or lose their disabled child."

In a different vein, an adult quadriplegic writes about "Solving Hopeless Problems" (the types by striking the keys with a stick held in his mouth), and explains his philosophy: "One adjusts to realities. I try to forge ahead, aware that life may never be full but determined never to accept less than I must." With a similar emphasis on facing facts, an article titled "How Different Is My Child?" counsels against overprotection—which can deprive a youngster of the experiences he needs to become emotionally independent—and against overexpectation, which can make a child feel that "he cannot do anything, no one likes him, and he will never be any good."

Bold Goal. Beyond all this, Psychologists Klebanoff, Klein and Schleifer have a bold and touching goal: to alter the temper of the nation by influencing normal as well as abnormal children. Explains Klebanoff: "Maybe that's the mission of these disabled kids—if normal schoolkids see a child in braces struggling to overcome his problems, maybe things won't look so bad to them, and maybe they'll be inspired to help. I hope it might make a more gentle America. It sure can't hurt."

PSYCHOLOGIST KOHLBERG



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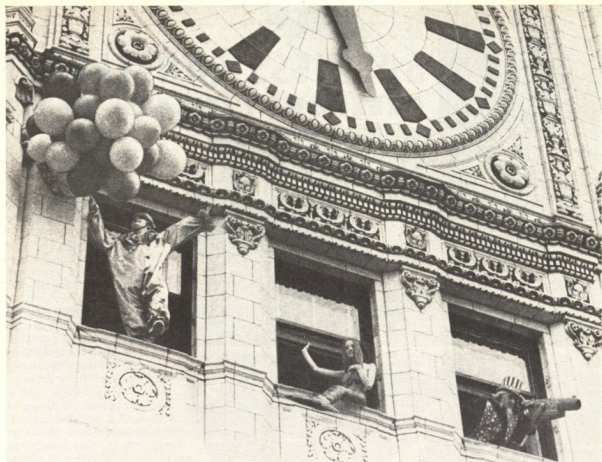
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SCIENCE

Saucer Diehards

For two decades, the U.S. Air Force kept tab on unidentified flying objects in a project called Blue Book. Then, in 1969, the number of UFOs reported in U.S. skies sharply dwindled, and the Blue Book was closed. Why did the UFOs suddenly become scarce?

Saucer skeptics have a number of theories. For one thing, an intensive Air Force-sponsored study of UFO "sightings," conducted under the supervision of University of Colorado Physicist Edward U. Condon, was issued in 1969.



UFO OVER ZANESVILLE, OHIO (1966)

Not always sighted by ding-a-lings.

It provided plausible explanations for almost all the reports; they were apparently based on optical illusions, stars, weather inversions and even satellites. Furthermore, man's landing on the moon and his probes of nearby planets have taken much mystery out of space. As a result, former saucer enthusiasts have begun looking elsewhere for mystical experiences—in astrology, Scientology and Eastern religions.

Gods or Conquerors. Nonetheless, a formidable body of believers still exists. Among them are such uncompromising types as Gabriel Green, president of the Amalgamated Flying Saucer Clubs of America, Inc. Last week he told the *Wall Street Journal* that inhabitants of other worlds are holding off on their visitations to the troubled earth because they feel that they would either be worshiped as gods or feared as conquerors. The National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena thinks that such speculations are sheer nonsense but still refuses to reject UFOs out of hand. Says the committee's executive director, G. Stuart Nixon (no kin to the President): "Right now, our biggest problem is overcoming the negative social climate created by the Condon report. People are afraid to talk about the objects they've seen, and the press is ignoring the subject."

Dr. J. Allen Hynek, chairman of

Northwestern University's astronomy department and the scientific community's most outspoken investigator of UFOs, also complains of a news blackout. To prevent the loss of what he considers "material of potential scientific value," Hynek has established an informal Blue Book project of his own at Northwestern. He is particularly anxious to get reports from trained scientific observers whose anonymity he promises to preserve (to spare them ridicule from their colleagues). Hynek insists that UFO sightings are often made by reputable observers, including sci-

J. EDWARD BAILEY



ASTRONOMER HYNEK

entists and technicians. Says he: "It is a gross but popular misconception that UFO reports spring from 'ding-a-lings.'" Nonetheless, he admits that there is at least one established scientist who has not yet seen—or reported—his first flying saucer: J. Allen Hynek.

Moscow High, Houston Low

Things were going so well aboard the Soviet Union's Salyut space laboratory last week that there were hints in Moscow that the manned flight might last a month or more. Inside Salyut's large cabin, the three cosmonauts were running tests to determine the physical effects of weightlessness on man, tending a small on-board vegetable patch in which cabbages and onions were growing, and comparing their observations of earth with those being made from two planes flying at much lower altitudes directly below them. Not forgetting their other obligations, the cosmonauts also took time to radio their approval of "the wise foreign and domestic policy of our Communist Party."

Resignations. U.S. astronauts had far less reason to be pleased with their Government. As a result of congressional budget slashing, only two more Apollo missions are scheduled after next month's flight to the moon, and the highly touted Skylab program—comparable

to the Soviets' Salyut series—has been cut from six to three missions.

These reductions mean that even under the best of circumstances only 18 of the 45 highly trained men still active in the astronaut program have any hopes of getting a space flight in the next few years—nine on the three remaining Apollo shots and nine on the three Skylab missions, scheduled to begin in 1973. Many astronauts have already quit in disgust. The latest: Walt Cunningham, a member of the first manned Apollo flight, who coupled his resignation last week with a sharp blast at what he sees as growing U.S. indifference to space ventures. Within the astronaut ranks, there is even greater cause for complaint. The twelve remaining scientist-astronauts, recruited amid considerable fanfare in 1965 and 1967, have so far been confined to missions no more dramatic than T-38 jet-trainer flights.

Their feelings are expressed by former scientist-astronaut Brian O'Leary in his book, *The Making of an Ex-Astronaut* (Houghton Mifflin). O'Leary denounces what he calls the undisguised "test-pilot dominance" at Houston's Manned Spacecraft Center. Largely at the insistence of Donald K. ("Deke") Slayton, the influential director of flightcrew operations, only experienced military and civilian fliers have been chosen for Apollo crews. Such skilled aviators were surely essential on the first space flights. But now that flight and landing techniques are well developed and scientific experimentation has come to the fore, the scientists argue that the importance of the jet pilots' role has diminished.

Like Robots. Some scientist-astronauts grumble that the scientific ineptness of some of the pilots has already been costly. Apollo 14 Astronauts Al Shepard and Ed Mitchell aligned antennas so poorly that only weak radio signals from lunar experiments are being received on earth. Says one NASA scientist of their performance: "They acted like robots, picked up rocks, put out equipment and took pictures. But they didn't really see anything."

Scientific background will be increasingly important in forthcoming U.S. missions. The Skylab program already calls for 53 sophisticated experiments, ranging from biomedical studies of the human body in space to operation of delicate earth sensors and astronomical telescopes. Yet scientist-astronauts are sure of only 1 out of 3 seats on each Skylab mission. There is, of course, a slim chance that some of Houston's selections may be overruled by NASA headquarters in Washington. Trouble is, any switch could be costly. Nine prime and six backup Skylab crewmen have already been picked and will soon be fitted for their space suits. Since the individually tailored suits cost \$120,000 apiece and are not easily interchangeable, budget-conscious NASA is not likely to make late changes in the Skylab lineup.

*A dillar, a dillar
At ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.*
—Mother Goose

THE message begins in the cradle and ends only in the grave: be on time. The early bird gets the worm. Time is money. Punctuality is the politeness of kings. Though our society has learned to excuse almost anything else, it still finds one sin—tardiness—unpardonable. It is as if we had collectively accepted Alice's harried, harassed White Rabbit ("Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I shall be too late!") as our model. Perhaps the only social canon of Emily Post's that still has all but universal acceptance is her dictum: "You must not be late!"

History is even more stern than Emily Post with the hapless laggard. Probably no battle has ever been won by the general who was late. "Time is everything," Lord Nelson said. "Five minutes makes the difference between victory and defeat." The French were kind enough to prove his point a few years later. If the dilatory Marshal Ney had beaten Blücher's Prussians to position at Waterloo, the battle could have ended in a French victory, and Wellington might have taken Bonaparte's lease on the house at St. Helena. Similarly, if Confederate General J.E.B. Stuart had shown up at Gettysburg when he was supposed to, instead of galloping his cavalry hither and yon through the quiet backwoods of Pennsylvania, General Robert E. Lee might have won the Civil War's most crucial battle. Richmond today might be the capital of the Confederate States of America.

In the clock-conscious societies of the industrial West, woe greets the individual who defies the hallowed laws of punctuality. The Germans, who hold timeliness next to godliness, were infuriated by the constant tardiness of Senator Edward Kennedy and his wife during a semiofficial visit last April. Together and separately, the two Kennedys observed only one rule—to be late, sometimes by one or two hours, for every engagement. "The honorable Senator," observed a columnist in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, all of his unlauhs drawn into an angry frown, "came, saw, and did not conquer." The Kennedys are not the only public figures who could use a personal timekeeper; so could Senator Hubert Humphrey and Presidential Adviser Henry Kissinger. Actress Marilyn Monroe was notorious for never showing up for any appointment on time. Similarly tardy was Poet

Dylan Thomas, who was not always able to pass up one more for the road.

Why are some people always late? Why are some people always on time? Depending on whom one asks, the answer is in the stars, the psyche or the cold eye of reason. In eight cases out of ten, asserts Astrologist Linda Goodman (*Sun Signs*), people who were born under Aries, Gemini, Libra, Sagittarius, Aquarius and Pisces will be late most of the time. A Leo will be punctual and tardy in equal measure. "No one," she says, "tells the lion what to do."

Nonsense, say the Freudians, who trace tardiness and punctuality—like almost everything else—back to childhood. The person who is habitually late may be rebelling against his parents and, by extension, against all authority, especially the authority of the clock. For him lateness can be a covert expression of his aggression. The compulsive clock watcher, on the other hand, has the same desire to rebel; unlike the latecomer, he suppresses it and submits to authority. Freud himself had a particular fear of traveling (known as *Reisefieber*) and usually showed up at railroad stations too early. The underlying reason, according to his biographer, Analyst Ernest Jones, was that Freud feared losing his home and ultimately his mother's breast—a "panic of starvation, which must have been in its turn a reaction to some infantile greed." Poor Freud! What would he have done if he had had to while away his anxieties in an airline terminal, listening to tinny music and scratchy announcements of flight cancellations? Analysis might never have progressed past the anal stage.

In many social circumstances not being on time can be a very useful ploy. With a dramatically ostentatious late arrival, a person can virtually guarantee that he will be noticed by other guests or colleagues. It is hard to make a grand entrance if you are the first to arrive. Conversely, lateness can be used as a cover-up for shyness. A bashful latecomer may hope that he will not be noticed, slipping into the room quietly, like a guilty Ariel, and hiding himself in the crowd. There are other advantages as well. Since most parties have dull beginnings, the late arriver can spare himself short eternities of throat-clearing ennui. At occasions that involve speeches, he can also avoid yawning stretches of dull and usually empty rhetoric.

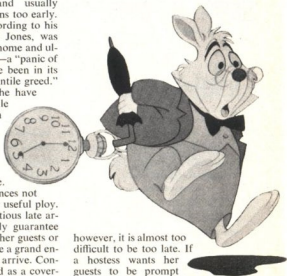
Whatever his motive, the tardy person always runs the risks of mistiming and misjudgment; it takes an expert in unpunctuality to know how late is too late. The novice may find that his grand en-

trance coincides with a general exit, or that his quest for invisibility puts him instead into a pitiless spotlight of glares.

Knowing precisely when one should arrive is one of mankind's smaller but more persistent social problems. In New York and most other urban areas of the East, for example, an invitation for dinner at 8 really means 8:30; the hostess would be stunned, perhaps even destroyed, by prompt arrival. A "sixish" party at East Coast summer resorts seldom begins before 7—and guests are on time if they show up before midnight. In the West or Midwest, however, the time declared on an invitation normally means what it says, within five or ten minutes.

Outside the U.S., the problems are only compounded. Germans tend to be on time to the second; the English tend to be either five minutes late or five minutes early. To be too exact is to be, well, a bit Teutonic, but to be more than ten minutes late without a good excuse is inexcusably rude. In South America and the Latin countries of Europe,

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however, it is almost too difficult to be too late. If a hostess wants her guests to be prompt—meaning half an hour or so after the stated time—she specifies an "English hour," or sometimes in Latin America, an "American hour." The Russians are equally relaxed about time. In the Middle East, an invitation often does not even include the time, but can be "Come for the evening." For the host or hostess to fix a minute or even an hour implies that the guest is not wanted before then, an unforgivable breach of hospitality.

It is unlikely that the English would ever accept a Spanish dinner hour—*gaspacho* at 11—or that the Spanish would even look at a Yorkshire pud-

TARDINESS

ding at the ungodly hour of 7:30. There are signs, however, that the concept of time is moving, albeit slowly, toward something like a global standard. In the supposedly languid Orient, industrial Japan adheres to a Germanic punctuality, while mainland China moves at a much brisker pace than it did before the Communist revolution. In Latin countries, even the siesta may one day yield to technological advance and a yearning for managerial efficiency. IBM, alas, has yet to invent a computer that grows drowsy after a heavy, wine-laden lunch—or unplugs itself for a 4 o'clock dalliance and an exchange of punch cards with a Univac down the hall.

Still, it is not only possible but probable that a post-industrial society will unshackle itself from bondage to the tyranny of the clock. Already the U.S., the pioneer in such matters, is losing some of its traditional reverence for punctuality. America's airlines are beginning to follow the lead of the nation's railroads in operating on almost Oriental time schedules. Appliance repairmen are as devoted to the *mañana* principle as Mexican peons; department stores promise delivery of goods in weeks rather than days; the Post Office makes the Pony Express seem like the very model of rapid transit. The wait for a dial tone or an operator can be a foretaste of purgatory. For some parts of industry, the process of slowing down may be just a matter of inefficiency and indifference. For the counterculture, with its commitment to a more organic way of life, it is a matter of ethics and aesthetics. Like Rousseau, that proto-hippie of the Enlightenment, the young are throwing away (or at least not winding) their watches and proclaiming their liberation.

They are right, to the extent at least that time ought to be man's servant, not his master. An obsession with the second hand is a form of enslavement—and not the most subtle form at that. For all the frustrations it may cause, a sweeping disregard for punctuality may be a sign that the U.S. is beginning to relax a bit and is starting to reassess the quaint notion that speed is progress. If so, would that really be a national disgrace? We may never go so far as to resurrect the Egyptian shadow clock, which probably wouldn't work in today's smog anyway, and we probably will not soon imitate the Cree Indians, who did not even count the days when they could not see the moon. But we may revise *Mother Goose* and give that ten o'clock scholar a tolerant smile, if not a gold star.

• Gerald Clarke



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ENVIRONMENT



TRAVERSE CITY'S LITTERED SHORELINE
The garbagemen goeth.

The Case of the Missing Gulls

With its 1,367 cherry orchards sloping down to spotless Lake Michigan beaches, Traverse City (pop. 18,000) was long admired as one of the state's prettiest communities. But no longer. The beaches are now littered with rotting alewives, smelts and garbage. "I've been raking dead fish into piles, but I can't keep up with the amount that washes in," says Mrs. Josephine Hoehler, a summer resident. She notes another change: "I haven't seen one sea gull since I came up here three weeks ago."

In past times, the area teemed with thousands of breeding gulls. Wheeling overhead, they scavenged for dead fish and refuse—and picked the beaches clean. In 1962, William C. Scharf, a biologist at Northwestern Michigan College, counted 2,500 gulls' nests on nearby Bellows Island alone. This spring he found only 300. Why? Scharf partly blames dune-buggy drivers who careen through nesting grounds, plus harmful human discards like pop-top beer-can rings, which can injure hungry gulls. But the chief reason is heavy use of chlorinated hydrocarbons: DDT and its chemical cousins, dieldrin and chlordane.

Danger Signal. Washed down from the cherry orchards by rain, those long-lived pesticides have entered the lake's food chain. When gulls eat fish, they also take in a concentrated dose of poison. As a result, they lay eggs with such thin shells that most do not hatch. "Gulls here produce .42 chicks per nest compared with 1.22 chicks per nest in less polluted areas," Scharf explains. He fears for the human population too. "The Government has linked DDT with cancer in laboratory experiments. We know that it has the same type of ef-

fect on mammals as on birds. Nature is flashing a danger signal."

The signal has not gone unheeded. In 1969, Michigan banned sales of DDT; Traverse City's cherry growers also stopped using related poisons. Even so, the pesticides already in the environment will remain potent for years, and Lake Michigan is surrounded by home gardeners who use other persistent poisons. All the citizens of Traverse City can do now is rake their reeking beaches and hope for a miraculous return of the gulls—the area's best and cheapest garbagemen.

Development and Decay

Depending on a man's values, Florida is either one of the fastest-growing or one of the fastest-decaying states in America. Each week 2,750 new residents flock to its balmy climate; each year the crush fouls more of Florida's once pristine air and water. In draining swampland for home sites, canal builders have ruined vital water supplies and endangered wildlife. Near Naples, one huge coastal development recently erased a lovely mangrove-lined shore in favor of concrete sea walls. Asked to set aside a refuge for the area's few remaining eagles, a spokesman for the builders replied: "It's all been sold. You can buy it back for \$250,000."

In the past, such a cavalier attitude would have been met with helpless resentment, since Florida officials lacked adequate means to control environmental abuses. Now, with tougher laws on the books, environmentalists are aiming their fire at reckless land developers.

Florida officials are reviewing nearly 400 projects from industrial plants to marinas, some of which may be halted

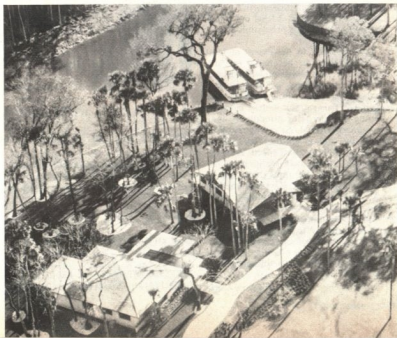
until the builders mend their ways. The state has filed suit against three developers who are draining pine and cypress swamps along the northern border of Everglades National Park. Such work, claims the suit, interrupts the natural flow of water through the wilderness area and upsets food chains. Furthermore, says the assistant attorney general, this kind of activity contributed to the twelve-month drought that recently turned much of southern Florida into a tinderbox swept by stubborn fires.

Optical Pollution. Fortunately, a few developers have tried to minimize their projects' ecological impact—a hard task. For one, ITT Levitt Development Corp., a subsidiary of the largest U.S. home-building company, is building "Palm Coast," the nation's biggest "new town." A gargantuan project, it will in 20 years plank 750,000 people onto 100,000 acres of now uninhabited coast land near St. Augustine. Levitt spent nearly \$1,000,000 on environment planning to achieve a community whose residents will live in virtually pollution-free neighborhoods connected by canals. Housing density will be 2.5 homes per acre, less than that of Beverly Hills.

Dr. Norman Young, a psychologist who heads the Palm Coast development, aims to eliminate the "optical pollution" caused by rows of identical houses. He is using many architectural styles and requiring others who build in Palm Coast to do likewise. Noise pollution will be eased by siting residential areas far away from major highways. To reduce auto-exhaust pollution, shopping and commercial centers will be placed within walking or biking distance of most residents. Industry will be mostly light; factory builders must submit strict pollution-abatement plans before starting construction.

"It is difficult for conservation groups to argue with us," says Young proudly,

PALM COAST DEVELOPMENT: LEVITT MODEL HOMES AND CANAL



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then she says yes and everything's cool and you can relax and . . .

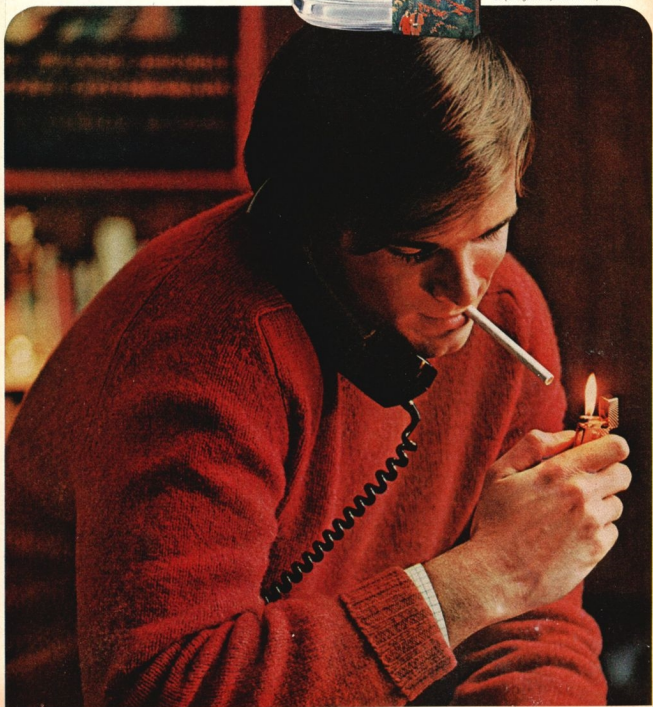
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86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky. ©1971 Paddington Corp., N.Y. 10020

"because in some cases our environmental standards are tougher than theirs." He may be right, but in one area he has run squarely into Florida's newly awakened environmentalists. The resulting showdown could affect the entire course of Florida development.

At issue is the 200 miles of "interior" canals designed to give Palm Coast a waterfront ambience and link its various parts to three new, bigger canals, which in turn will be connected with the salt-water Intracoastal Waterway. The builders say that because tidal action will flush all canals, they expect no algae buildup—the process that destroys a waterway's self-cleansing power by consuming oxygen and killing marine life. As a further safeguard against algae, Levitt Ecologist Stanley Dea has ordered landscapers to use fertilizers that act like time capsules, releasing their nutrients slowly in water rather than all at once.

Environmentalists are not impressed. According to Joel Kuperberg, executive director of the Florida Internal Improvement Fund, "there is no reason to believe that this kind of system works ecologically." Kuperberg cites Fort Lauderdale as an example of what can happen when canals honeycomb densely populated areas. As he sees it, "There is no longer any body of water there fit for human contact."

Salty Canals. State officials are also worried about the effects of salt-water intrusion into Palm Coast's fresh-water environment. "As far as we are concerned," says Bernard Barnes, a senior engineer for the state's department of air and water pollution control, "Levitt can complete their three main canals, but we will not issue additional construction permits until they come up with a changed plan." Arthur Marshall, chairman of the division of applied ecology at the University of Miami, goes further. Regardless of the precautions taken, he says, the very size of developments like Levitt's is bound to upset natural habitats and ultimately destroy wildlife.

Levitt men are understandably upset by the charges, particularly since the company has spent so much time and money trying to make Palm Coast the most environmentally compatible of all new towns. Levitt planners are negotiating hard with Florida officials and, promises Young. "If both parties decide something better can be done, then we will do it."

In seeking to help developers plan communities, rather than just passing on applications as was done in the past, Florida's environmental agencies have taken on a very difficult job. They nonetheless feel that brakes on development are essential if Florida is to survive in anything like the condition that has lured millions of newcomers. Says Kuperberg: "We trust engineers to tell us the weight that a bridge will carry. For the same reasons, we must trust ecologists when they tell us how much weight this state can stand."

MEDICINE

The Incomplete Twin

Enrique Garcia, 35, a farm laborer in Reynosa, Mexico, had reason for anxiety when his wife Lorenza went into labor one blustery night nine months ago. The couple's first child had been stillborn, and both badly wanted a baby. But Garcia's nervousness turned to horror when he saw the boy that was to bear his name. Attached to the lower abdomen of the otherwise healthy, pretty infant was a football-shaped protuberance that carried a partially developed extra pair of legs.

The deformity, which apparently occurred when the egg that had begun to split into twins failed to divide fully, sent a thrill of terror through the Gar-

to the front of Enrique's own pelvis, plus a partial extra bladder. The pictures also disclosed that the growth was not connected to Enrique's spine or nervous system; indeed, Enrique had never been known to move or show feeling in the appendage, though it made up one-quarter of his weight. But doctors still had no way of knowing until the operation itself how much of Enrique's circulatory system was connected to his deformity.

Though the doctors realized that it was feasible to remove the extra pelvis and legs, they feared that the excision could imperil the child's urological functions or damage his circulation if major arteries were involved. They also worried that removal of so large a growth

DICK KESTON



ENRIQUE GARCIA JR. IN TRACTION
Soon normal in every way.

cias' neighborhood. Superstitious peasants, who believed the child was cursed, threw rocks at the small house. A traveling circus, seeking to capitalize on the family's obvious misery, offered to buy the deformed child for its freak show. Fearful that Enrique might be abducted and sold, the family took refuge in the nearby home of a doctor.

Unique Case. In May the Garcias took young Enrique across the border to a clinic in Brownsville, Texas. Though doctors there could do nothing themselves, they did call in Dr. Michael Donovan of the Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children, a Houston institution specializing in corrective surgery. Said Donovan: "I know of no other case like this, and, God knows, I never expect to see another." But he was willing to try an operation.

First Donovan and his six associates spent nearly three weeks X-raying Enrique and subjecting him to a battery of tissue and blood tests in order to determine the deformity's extent. X-ray examinations showed that the incomplete twin consisted of a second pelvis fused

might leave insufficient skin flaps for suturing.

Silver Clips. Donovan's team cut around the appendage, taking out the arteries that supplied blood to the incomplete twin. After that, they found to their relief that the removal would not impair the patient's circulation. They next separated and took out the duplicate bladder. Then, after marking the limits of Enrique's own pelvis with silver clips, they cut away the extra pelvis and hip joints and removed the growth. The procedure left ample skin flaps for suturing.

Enrique, whose normal legs had been forced into a spread position by the deformity, must still spend several weeks in traction to correct this condition. But the doctors believe that further corrective surgery will be unnecessary. According to Donovan, Enrique's incomplete twin would have grown in proportion to the youngster's normal growth. Instead, he says, "We will send him home normal in every way, with only two scars to show for what might have been."

Fatal Links?

Researchers have suspected for years that Hodgkin's disease—cancer of the lymphatic system—might be communicable to a small degree. New findings reported in the British medical publication *Lancet* offer the strongest evidence yet to support the theory: thirteen cases of the relatively rare illness have been discovered in Albany, N.Y. Each of the victims had associated with at least one of the others or with a mutual acquaintance. Ten have died.

Drs. Jack Davies of Albany Medical College, Peter Greenwald of the New York State Health Department, and Nicholas Vianna, a U.S. Public Health Service officer attached to Greenwald's office, began their investigation last April. Their curiosity was aroused when a colleague remarked on the high frequency of Hodgkin's disease among members of Albany High School's 1954 graduating class. Intrigued, the researchers obtained a list of seven students known to have been seriously ill. A check with the state health department's Cancer Bureau showed that three of the seven did indeed have Hodgkin's disease. With further investigation, ten more victims were found in the area.

Then the personal links among patients were established. The husband of one, who developed the disease after her marriage, had previously dated another of the patients. Three others had been close friends. One patient had a daughter who did not develop the disease herself but was friendly with one of the victims. Another who escaped the disease was a friend of two patients and lived in the same house as a third.

New Cluster. The implications of such findings are clear. The unusual incidence of the disease is enough to imply that it is contagious to some degree. And the discovery that some cases were not diagnosed until three or more years after exposure hints at a long incubation period. The fact that a few of the victims were connected only by unaffected third parties suggests that some people carry the disease without themselves being infected.

Though no one is yet sure what causes Hodgkin's disease, scientists may soon be able to study this possibly infectious illness. Greenwald's office is attempting to track down friends, relatives and classmates of the Albany victims. Albany newspapers have asked readers who may have associated with Hodgkin's disease patients to get in touch with the state health department. As a result, hundreds of calls were received last week. While the disease is not curable, prompt treatment can often check its course. Meanwhile, a student at a New York medical school has written to health authorities to report a cluster of three cases involving two of his classmates and one of their friends. Dr. Greenwald and his associates plan to conduct a study of the outbreak.

RELIGION

Bishops Under Attack

"When he opens his mouth," says the 1936 yearbook of La Salle Academy in Providence, R.I., "Bernie does it for the sake of saying something, not merely exercising his jaws." Last week "Bernie"—the Most Rev. Bernard M. Kelly, auxiliary bishop of Providence—said something pointed enough to be heard in Rome. In a letter sent to his bishop and all the priests of his diocese, Kelly announced that he had developed an "abiding sense of frustration" with the majority of his fellow bishops, who "are more concerned with Vietnam in the hand than the war in Viet Nam." He was therefore resigning from the active ministry in protest, he said, though technically he remains both priest and bishop until he requests formal laicization.

By his action, Kelly became the second U.S. bishop in recent years to resign in distress. The first was Bishop

last February, Kelly declared that it was "scandalous that churchmen are so concerned about abortion and yet have nothing to say about the destruction of human life in Laos." In March, at Newport, R.I., he and 200 others protested the war in Southeast Asia when President Nixon spoke at David Eisenhower's graduation from the Naval Officer Candidate School. The final blow, said Kelly, was the April meeting of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops in Detroit (TIME, May 10), where conservatives dominated the deliberations.

In his letter, Kelly noted that the Second Vatican Council had found "new and richer dimensions" to replace the rigid church conceived by the Council of Trent—the 16th century ecclesiastical assembly that shored up Catholic walls against the Protestant Reformation. He described "the church in which we grew up" as almost completely withdrawn from the world. "It was a church in which discipline and order

are out of tune with the needs of God's people." The housekeeper at St. Joseph's rectory, not a Catholic, put it in more personal terms. She said: "It's like there was a death."

The day after Kelly's resignation, U.S. bishops found themselves under attack from another source: the independent Association of Chicago Priests voted 144 to 126 to censure John Cardinal Cody and his five auxiliary bishops for failing to present and defend priestly concerns at the Detroit meeting. The resolution assailed the bishops for not even discussing in open meetings the results of a much-heralded consultation of clergy and laity held in the Chicago archdiocese last winter. The association also passed resolutions charging that the four episcopal delegates to next fall's Synod in Rome were "unwilling to represent the diversity of opinion" among U.S. priests and called for their resignations from the delegation.

One of the Chicago auxiliaries, Bishop Thomas J. Grady, expressed the "hurt and pain" that the bishops felt over the censure but pledged that there would be "no answering hurt for hurt." Other critics argued that the A.C.P. is not representative: the association includes only 900 of Chicago's 2,400 priests, to be sure, but many of the nonmembers are in religious orders that are not directly under Cody's authority. Some 300 priests showed up at the meeting last week to vote. Whatever the numbers involved, the action was nonetheless an audacious first of its kind in the history of U.S. Catholicism, a fact that did not escape a Vatican prelate who labeled it "incipient guerrilla warfare against the hierarchy."



BISHOP BERNARD KELLY AT NEWPORT DEMONSTRATION LAST MARCH
Discussion was impossible.

James P. Shannon (TIME cover, Feb. 23, 1970), auxiliary bishop of St. Paul and Minneapolis, who resigned because he could not accept Pope Paul's teaching on contraception and because, as an articulate progressive, he had been largely isolated by powerful conservatives in the hierarchy.

Lost Hope. Like Shannon's story, Kelly's is one of a promising clerical career gradually frustrated by his growing awareness of pressing social questions and a foot-dragging episcopacy. A raw-boned, amiable man with thinning white hair, Kelly lived modestly in St. Joseph's rectory in the racially mixed Fox-point section of Providence. He was a strong supporter of open housing, fasted in support of Cesar Chavez's grape boycott, and was impressed by the "tremendous witness for peace" made by Philip and Daniel Berrigan. During the South Vietnamese campaign in Laos

and conformity to the minutest rubric were paramount values, a church increasingly irrelevant and unintelligible to men." In Detroit, he said, he lost all hope for change: "Discussion is impossible."

Kelly left Providence to "go fishing." Reaction to his resignation ranged from the *pro forma* regrets of his conservative superior, Providence Bishop Russell J. McViney, to the declaration of the 100-member Rhode Island Association of Laity that McViney had "contributed" to the resignation by being "unresponsive to direct communication." In the Vatican, a high official described Kelly's move as the expectable act of an "extremely emotional" liberal impatient with a hierarchy of "instinctive conservatives." For 23 young priests in the diocese, however, the resignation was "an act of prophecy showing us that we as a church

The Last Horrrumph

He was a thing of awe, the Catholic parish pastor—a force as redoubtable and durable as a Southern Democrat in the U.S. Senate. He was a marvelous blend of Barry Fitzgerald and Boss Tweed: irascible conscience of the stingy, pookish doer of good deeds among the neighborhood's fallen. He was absolute ruler of his realm, certain that parishioners who might doubt the Pope's infallibility would never for a minute dare question his.

That archetype will doubtless persist for a while elsewhere, but alas, he will soon be replaced by a transient imitation in one of his strongholds, New York City. The Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York—the first in the U.S. formally to do so—announced this month that pastors will henceforth serve for fixed terms of six years, and that none can serve more than two terms in the same parish. Progressives hailed the change, noting that it would allow younger priests to move up more quickly to pastoral positions and give older pastors an honorable excuse for moving on. But Barry Fitzgerald must be spinning in his grave.

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ART

Man and Machine

Amid the crack of 450-volt xenon strobes, the silent zap of lasers and an unprecedented clicking of turnstiles, the Los Angeles County Museum's exhibition called "Art and Technology" is under way at last. It will run through August, and it affords a revealing spectacle of the stimuli and problems that rise out of a major encounter of art and industry.

The "A. and T." program was conceived five years ago by Maurice Tuchman, the museum's 34-year-old senior curator. His idea was to persuade U.S. firms to place their technical resources and a bit of their cash at the disposal of a group of artists in order to give those artists a chance to construct ambitious works beyond the technological limits of their own studios. A total of 76 artists were introduced to a list of companies that ranged from Kaiser Steel to Ampex, from General Electric to Disneyland. Reactions to the proposed matings ranged from disdain to alarm. But eventually some 20 projects were realized.

New Metaphor. Ever since the Futurists declared a racing car to be more beautiful than the *Winged Victory* of Samothrace, artists have thought about connecting their work to the Faustian energies of 20th century technology. Never has the dream become more urgent than in today's electronically conditioned society. It is a fundamental issue because the very idea of "experiment," endlessly declared to be the founding principle of modern art, is really a metaphor drawn from science and industry. The problem is that industrial experiment radically changes the world, whereas artistic experiment does so only marginally and for a minority. In 1500 an artist like Leonardo could know, and even contribute to, the whole technology of his culture. Not today; the roles of artist and technologist have split, so that art—like kinetic art in the '60s—has had to feed off scientific scraps. One of the revealing ironies of the "A. and T." program was that some artists who moved into areas like aerospace and computers could not even form the necessary questions, let alone use the results, of advanced research. Hence the need for collaboration if art is not to remain in an inefficient relationship with technological culture. This was the rationale of "Art and Technology"—to widen artists' choices and enrich the vocabulary of art.

Many of the initial "A. and T." projects did not jell. Some were enchantingly

eccentric, like George Brecht's suggestion that the Rand Corp. help him move the land mass of the British Isles into the Mediterranean. Others, like Iain Baxter's dream of a radio-controlled inflatable cloud patrolling over Los Angeles, never got off the ground. Some business firms became nervous and balked. Claes Oldenburg's collaboration with Disneyland began with his intense curiosity about "what people who have been making animals without genitalia for 30 years are like," and ended with Disneyland abandoning his project for a giant, hydraulically operated icebag;



HARRISON & TUCHMAN AT JET PROPULSION LABORATORY
Out of the factories, a key document.

Oldenburg, it was feared, might impair the playland's image as "a family-oriented operation." Fortunately, the Gemini company (*TIME*, Jan. 18) stepped in to sponsor the icebag. Puffing and rearing to its full 18-ft. height like some cross between Mount Fuji, a tomato and a dinosaur, it has turned out to be one of the key works in Oldenburg's brilliant career.

Etching on the Eyeball. Those projects that do triumph come out of a real interaction with, not mere use of, industrial facilities. Boyd McFerrid's room (made with the help of Universal Television) is a stunning perceptual experience: a pitch-black chamber lined with strobe lights. When they flash, the effect is engulfing and somewhat unnerving: silhouettes etch themselves on the

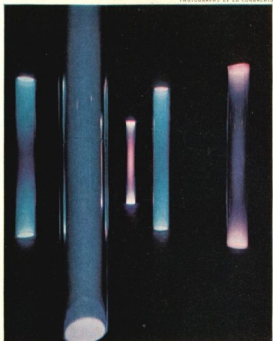
retina as on film, and afterimage sheets of brilliant color drift and flower across the entire field of vision. McFerrid's piece is unique in that it is wholly objectless art—everything happens on and to the retina without mediation.

Equally remarkable light-pieces were developed by Newton Harrison (Jet Propulsion Laboratory) and Rockne Krebs (Hewlett-Packard Co.). Harrison's room is dark, and in it stand five tall plastic cylinders. They are filled with helium, argon and other gases. When an electric current passes through the cylinders, the ionized gas lights up—rose-white, orange, deep blues, greens and purples. By controlling the gas flow, Harrison produces extraordinary changes of form

in the light—bubbles, disks, even artificial lightning. The effect is solemn and exquisitely meditative; it is also wholly pictorial, without a hint of gimmickry. The room is Harrison's private homage to Mark Rothko: "I made a very specific reference to him," he says. "This was my way of acknowledging a man who I thought was involved in a kind of magnificent and very lonely vision."

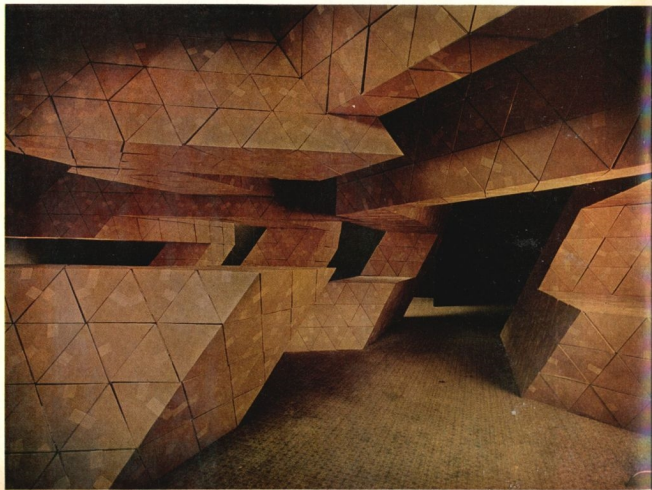
Rockne Krebs' laser room is a sharper affair: intense beams of red, green and blue light slice through the darkness, rebounding from concealed mirrors to form an intricate lattice that almost abolishes any sense of bodily space. Indeed, one of the general effects of the "A. and T." show is to shift the focus from art as object to art as environmental sensation. The visitor is always being encompassed—by gas lighting or lasers or, in the case of Tony Smith's piece, by several thousand cardboard tetrahedrons and octahedrons supplied by the Container Corp. of America. Taped together, they form an immense, gloomy brown cave pierced by Wagnerian shafts of dim yellow light. With its emphasis on internal space and disregard of volume, it is his best sculpture in recent years.

Electronic Mud. One of the most popular exhibits is Robert Rauschenberg's *Mud Muse*. It is a tank filled with slippy, coffee-colored drillers' mud supplied from one of Teledyne's offshore oil rigs. Pipes in the floor of the tank emit air bubbles, which plop to the surface at random with a kind of lazy flatulence. The pipes in turn are controlled by an elaborate electronics system, which converts signals from taped music and random noise in the room into a pattern of air release. "I think," says Rauschenberg, "you immediately get involved with *Mud Muse* on a really physical, basic, sensual level as opposed to its illustrating an interesting idea, because the level of the piece, on the grounds of an



PHOTOGRAPH BY ED CORNACKIS

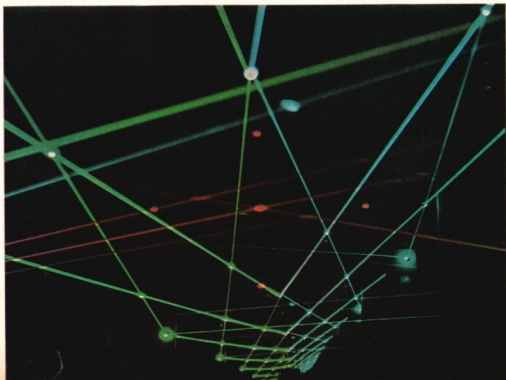
ART AND TECHNOLOGY AT LOS ANGELES: Claes Oldenburg's motorized 18-ft-high icebag commands the central courtyard; inside, Newton Harrison's cylinders of ionized gas glow weirdly, and Sculptor Tony Smith makes a dim cave for cardboard tetrahedrons.





Elaborate diorama of a Victorian mine tunnel was constructed by R.B. Kitaj.

Laser beams crisscross in a light-environment by Rockne Krebs.





OLDENBURG & MODEL

For a new union, a new dimension.

idea, is pretty low. It was to exhibit the fact that technology is not for learning lessons but is to be experienced." R.B. Kitaj offered the perverse idea of employing the facilities of Lockheed to produce a historical meditation on the 19th century Industrial Revolution, the aim being to examine the first era in which "a modernist presence has taken shape." Kitaj's room is a bizarre assemblage of model lighthouses, smokestacks, machined bas-reliefs of railway trucks, photographs of "The Father of Aviation" together with "The Mother and Daughter of Aviation." There is even a 6-ft. diorama of a mine tunnel with a mouth that is inscribed with uplifting Victorian mottoes: THRIFT, DUTY, SELF HELP and so on. Kitaj ended up as a dissenter from the whole concept. His experience at Lockheed, he reported, proved "a confirmation of the utter boredom I always feel when art and science try to meet—the feeling of very slender accomplishment in those forms of art which pretend to operate scientifically."

The Catalyst. It is an honestly stated dilemma, for art is not science and cannot mimic its processes. But one aim of "Art and Technology" was to show that a feedback can occur, and that its very unpredictability can be stimulating. In this, the show is a revelation. And when it closes, it will have left behind one of the key documents in recent American art: the catalogue compiled by Maurice Tuchman in which all the ambitions, negotiations, blocks and frustrations involved in this immense project are set down, without fear or favor. "Art and Technology's" real importance is as a catalyst of a possible future. No Jerusalem has been founded among the white hygienic mills of Southern California, but the practical experience of "Art and Technology" may very well point the way to future, and much easier collaborations.

Whoopie for the Proettes

When Golfer Kathrynne Ann Whitworth took over as president of the Ladies Professional Golf Association last year, the women's tour was faltering. Since the 1968 season, the number of tournaments had dropped from 32 to 21, the total prize money from \$536,000 to \$475,000. The problem was not performance; if anything, the ladies were playing better than ever. Trouble was, the women lacked the publicity heaped on the men golfers—and they also suffered from what one L.P.G.A. official calls a lingering "Tugboat Annie image." In her call for a face-lift, Kathy Whitworth explained that "we don't want the girls to become stereotypes. We want them to dress well, to develop personalities. If they make a good shot and want to show some emotion by yelling 'Whoopie!' let them do it."

Whoopie it was as 76 "proettes" teed up for the Eve L.P.G.A. championship in Sutton, Mass., last week. The tour's new image makers went all out. "See Diane Patterson," blurted the promoters, "a former flying-trapeze artist turned golfer." See Sandra Palmer, "a Texan who is only 5 ft. 11 in. tall but can belt the ball a mile." See Donna Caponi, "a young lady who plays a mean game of golf during the day and cuts an equally mean watusi at night." And see Pam Barnett, "a North Carolinian who throws her wig instead of breaking golf clubs when she gets angry."

Pansies for Tee Markers. The record four-day crowd of 37,598 at the Pleasant Valley Country Club did see some sights never seen on the men's tour: golfers in shocking-pink culottes and checkered hot pants, bouquets of pansies serving as tee markers, club covers knitted in the shape of Teddy bears. As for golf, President Whitworth was the biggest swinger of all. Three-putting only three greens in 72 holes, she won her second L.P.G.A. championship by a commanding four-stroke margin. The \$7,950 payoff boosted her 1971 winnings to \$26,825, tops on the tour so far.

Kathy's victory, her third in a row and the 59th of her career, suggests a paradox: the more she dominates her sport, the more difficulty she may have in promoting it. At 31 she has already won more money—\$326,035 in 13 seasons—than any player in the history of the L.P.G.A. That sounds impressive only until her winnings are compared with what the men make. Last season, when Kathy led the L.P.G.A. money winners for the fifth time, no fewer than 75 men pros earned more than her \$30,235 total. And while no proette has ever topped \$50,000 for a season, Jack Nicklaus for one has picked up that much in a single tournament. Even so, Kathy is opposed to joining forces with the men's tour. "We had a mixed-foursome tournament a few years ago," she says,

"and the men decided they didn't want us." Now she says that the L.P.G.A. doesn't need to romance the men golfers—the pros, that is. A tall, angular Texan who averages 235 yds. off the tee and putts like a pool shark, Kathy contends that "the amateur male golfer can learn by watching the girls swing because his game compares with ours."

Bigger Things to Come. More and more sponsors tend to agree. This season Kathy and the L.P.G.A.'s hustling new director, E.M. ("Bud") Erickson, a former front-office man for the Atlanta Falcons, arranged for Eve cigarettes to boost last week's purse from \$30,000 to \$53,000 in return for renaming the tournament the Eve L.P.G.A. championship. While the men's tour has the airline and automobile sponsors, this season the L.P.G.A. welcomed backing from a mail-order house (the \$60,000 Sears Women's World Classic), a mattress manufacturer (the \$50,000 Sealy L.P.G.A. Classic) and a motorcycle company (the \$38,000 Suzuki Golf Internationale). As a result, the girls are competing for a record \$600,000 this year, with promises of bigger things to come.

Though she is "very much in favor of increasing our purses," Kathy worries that the tour "will become more of a business instead of a sport." For the moment at least, it is one long grind. Since few of the girls can afford to fly (last year only 28 of the 73 proettes earned more than \$5,000), they log an average of 40,000 miles on the highways each season, sharing driving expenses. In the evenings, they gather like sorority sisters in motel rooms to play hearts, watch TV, play their guitars, cut a mean watusi or two and then go early to bed. "Sometimes," sighs



PRESIDENT WHITWORTH
No more Tugboat Annies.

Kathy, "I think the hardest part is packing and unpacking the car." And other times, she adds, "I think it would be great to be married and have a family. But the fellow would have to be strong. I've become very independent." Under her leadership, so has women's golf.

Alex and the Angry Angels

There is no truth to the rumor that the California Angels are going to be re-named the Hell's Angels. If anything, the rumble abounding in Anaheim last week sounded more like the scenario for a jock Western:

First of all, Outfielder Alex Johnson claimed that Teammate Chico Ruiz pulled a gun on him in the clubhouse. Chico answered that he doesn't own even a cap pistol, much less a .38. Then Los Angeles Times Columnist John Hall revealed that at least three players have

One thing is certain: the Angels are riven by bitter dissension, and the team—touted before the season as a pennant contender—is languishing in fourth place in the American League's Western Division. Many of its troubles stem from the strange behavior of Alex Johnson. In 1970 he scored 85 runs for the Angels, drove in 86 and led the league in batting with a .329 average. But even then some of his teammates suspected him of "dogging" it on occasion. Manager Lefty Phillips, who has benched Johnson on four occasions this season for not hustling, says that "last year Alex gave us 65%. Now he's down to about 40%." Of his current .257 average, Johnson says: "I've been trying physically. I'm not ready mentally. The mood hasn't been there."

Phillips is not the first manager to be perplexed by Johnson's dark moods. Brought up by the Philadelphia Phillies

MILESTONES

Divorced. By Maria Callas, 47, tempestuous actress and opera diva: Giovanni Battista Meneghini, 75, Italian industrialist; after 22 years of marriage, the last twelve of which were spent in separation; in Brescia, Italy, following passage of a new Italian law allowing couples who have been legally separated for five years to divorce.

Divorced. Howard Hughes, 65, billionaire recluse; by Jean Peters, 44, former Hollywood actress; after 14 years of marriage, no children; in Hawthorne, Nev. They had lived apart for more than a year, legal grounds for divorce in Nevada. Following the couple's separation in 1969, Miss Peters commented: "This is not a decision reached in haste, and it is done only with the greatest of regret . . . Any property settlement will be resolved privately between us."

Died. Dr. Wendell M. Stanley, 66, Nobel-prizewinning biochemist; apparently of a heart attack; in Salamanca, Spain. As a researcher at Princeton's Rockefeller Institute, Stanley in 1935 was the first scientist to crystallize and identify a virus. He later organized Berkeley's internationally renowned virus laboratory, where he directed research that led to the isolation of the polio virus in 1953.

Died. Carlos Garcia, 74, President of the Philippines from 1957 to 1961; of a heart attack; in Manila. "There's nothing wrong with a civil servant providing for his future," claimed Garcia, who as Vice President willingly inherited the leadership of one of Asia's most graft-ridden countries when flamboyant Anti-Corruption Crusader Ramon Magsaysay was killed in a 1957 plane crash. Though Garcia had pledged an "all-out war" against graft, during his administration there were nearly 30,000 recorded cases of corruption in the Philippines—a fact used by Diosdado Macapagal to help unseat Garcia in the 1961 elections.

Died. Lord Reith, 81, architect of the British Broadcasting Corporation and first chairman of British Overseas Airways Corporation; of heart disease; in Edinburgh. The teetotaling son of a Scottish clergyman, John Reith left his job with an engineering firm to take charge of the BBC in 1922. He invested the BBC with his own strong sense of dignity by requiring unseen radio announcers to wear dinner jackets while reading the news. Reith resigned as BBC chief in 1938 to head Imperial Airways, which merged with another airline the following year to become BOAC. The dour Scot ran several ministries in the wartime governments of Neville Chamberlain and Winston Churchill.



OUTFIELDER ALEX JOHNSON ON CALIFORNIA BENCH

Dark moods in a jock Western.

been "carrying guns and several others are known to have hidden knives—to use as protection in case of fights among themselves." Hall went on to report that several Angels openly considered ailing Outfielder Tony Conigliaro "a malingering misfit." Recently, they are said to have shown their contempt by laying Tony's uniform on a stretcher with a pair of crossed crutches and some sanitary napkins and then splattering everything with catsup. On another occasion, Hall wrote, some players deliberately tried to hit General Manager Dick Walsh (known to the team as "the Smiling Python") with line drives while he stood on the sidelines during batting practice.

Under the circumstances, it was no surprise that Team Physician Jules Rasinski, after being asked when he was going to cure the team's injuries, answered curtly: "I haven't got enough couches."

In 1964, he was traded to the St. Louis Cardinals, who in turn shuffled him to the Cincinnati Reds. After two seasons, the Reds shipped Johnson to the Angels last year—even though he had hit .312 and .315. Pegged as a malcontent and a troublemaker, Alex has frequently distressed his managers by casual defensive play and refusal to run out ground balls. A proud, taciturn black man, Johnson enigmatically credits his unhappiness to "racial slights and insults both on and off the field."

Johnson, who makes \$45,000 a year with the Angels, once said, "I know I could make a better living outside baseball." The tragedy is that one of the great natural hitters in the game may get the chance to check on that statement sooner than he thinks. At the height of last week's controversy, the Angels tried to trade him; they could not scare up one respectable offer.

Your wife's making Merrill Lynch bullish on certain retail stocks.

We think she's getting ready to go out and spend.

In fact, we expect a revival in consumer spending throughout the country. If we're right, we think certain retail stocks will continue to outperform the market.

Our analysts base a lot of their optimism on the buildup in savings. Consumers saved a record \$50 billion last year. With that as a cushion, we think consumers will start spending much more freely. For several reasons:

One is the trend in housing starts. It's up. Sharply. And more housing means more demand for appliances, furniture, and carpeting.

Other bullish signs are the easing of credit and the downward trend in interest rates. They make it easier for people to buy the big-ticket items they put off buying during the recession.



Finally, there's the Federal Government acting to bolster the economy. That should help to shore up consumer confidence. And loosen purse strings.

But we don't think all retailers will benefit equally. Our analysts are most bullish on certain large and well-established mass merchandisers. The ones that have learned how to control costs. And turn higher sales into higher profits.

If you'd like to know our latest recommendations in retailing, call a Merrill Lynch Account Executive. He can tell you about the stocks we think have a good chance to lead the market in the months ahead.

If we're right, it won't mean we can judge the investment significance of every new trend. Nobody can. But we do have twice as many analysts working on it as any other broker.

We figure that puts the odds in our favor.

Merrill Lynch: We look for the trends.

Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith Inc. For nearest office call toll-free 800-243-0000. In Connecticut call 800-942-0025.

MUSIC & DANCE

Effervescent Foolery

A ballet based on a spot commercial sounds about as inviting as St. Vitus's Dance. Except if it was choreographed by George Balanchine, a genius who can design, with seemingly equal facility, enduring masterpieces or tremendous trifles. His latest work, which was given its world premiere by the New York City Ballet last week, is 22 minutes of slight but effervescent foolery. The title is the giveaway: *PAMTGG* (pronounced Pam-te-guh-guh) stands for "Pan Am Makes the Going Great."

Intrigued by overexposure to the airline's familiar radio and TV ad, Balanchine commissioned Jazz Composer Roger Kellaway to write a score based on its musical theme. Then he set out to design what might be called a dance-ode to an airline terminal. Between take-off and landing (complete with last-minute baggage scramble) there is a series of typically flowing Balanchine duets for three couples, vaguely identified as young marrieds, two hippies and a brace of space-age jet-setters. By far the best is an earthy, bluesy number for Frank Ohman and German-born Karin von Aroldingen, a leggy, dramatically athletic beauty who is dressed (if that is the word) in a skimpy blue bikini and a see-through fringed-suede top.

Composer Kellaway's arch, nervous score does nothing to hide the banality of the original theme, and Balanchine's ensemble choreography is often surprisingly distracted and cluttered. On the other hand, Jo Mielziner's nighttime airline setting is one of the City Ballet's best, and the fanciful costumes by Irene Sharaff might give Braniff a few good ideas. For all its frivolity, *PAMTGG* does display, once more, Balanchine's uncanny skill at catching the aesthetic potential in America's mass culture and at fusing pop dance with ballet. Slightly dated in its style, the dancing of *PAMTGG* seems to have been inspired by the sort of mock ballet once seen on the Ed Sullivan and Jackie Gleason shows. Somehow Balanchine can create grace out of tackiness and art out of kitsch. If nothing else, *PAMTGG* leads one to wonder what kind of magic he might work if his fancy were caught by a roller derby or a pro football game.

■ John T. Elson

The Peddler

The record industry has few problems that R. Peter Munves thinks he cannot solve all by himself. An expert at what used to be called "appealing to low-brow taste," now known euphemistically as making music "relevant," Munves is acknowledged by his peers to be one of the master salesmen and packagers of the record world. What makes him unusual is that his field is not rock, but se-

rious music. "You can call me the P.T. Barnum of the classics," he says, with the modest air of a burlesque Barker. "They've never had anybody like me." Quite so.

As director of merchandising for Columbia Records, Munves was the man who dreamed up that company's "Classical Greatest Hits" series—Bach, Brahms, Bernstein, just about anyone. The records did nothing for the purists, but they scored a solid bull's-eye in the market and rang up \$1,000,000 in new and unexpected wholesale revenues for Columbia. Munves was also the first executive to turn on to *Switched-On Bach*, when almost everyone else at Columbia was turning off. Now, 2½ years after its release, Bach on the Moog syn-



RCA RECORDS' MUNVES
Pop goes the Mahler.

thesizer is still No. 1 on the classical charts and ranks as the company's all-time best classical seller.

Vampire. Last October, Munves, 44, moved over to RCA as director of classical music and began applying his pop-oriented sales and packaging concepts to the company's Red Seal line. An engagingly brash, native New Yorker who got his start 22 years ago as a clerk in a Manhattan discount-record store, Munves approached Artur Rubinstein with the idea of a Rubinstein's greatest-hits LP. "You are a vampire," said the pianist, and refused. But Rubinstein did go along with a reassembling of old items called *The Chopin I Love*. This month, Munves brought out eleven LPs in a new "Composers' Greatest Hits" series. One of the albums was devoted to Gustav Mahler, neatly capitalizing on the use of his music in Luchino Visconti's new film *Death in Venice*. Total sales so far: 100,000. In eight months,

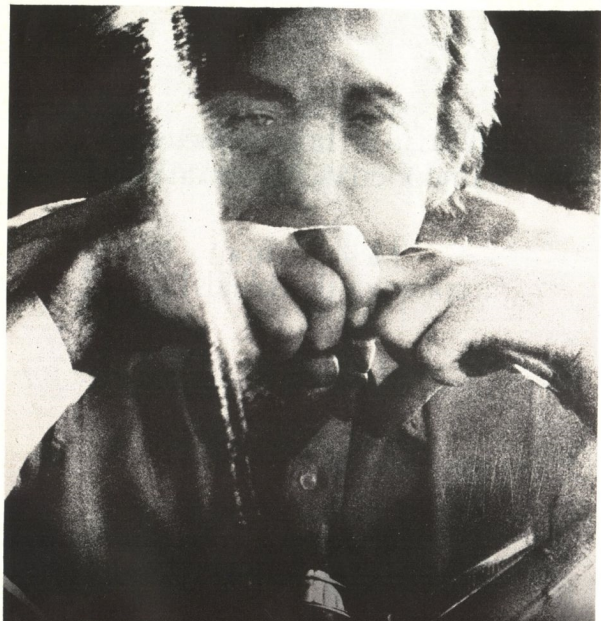
Munves has managed to boost RCA's classical sales by 40%.

Flashy salesmanship is necessary, Munves argues, because classical records have been on a downhill trip for years. Although the catalogue is more varied than ever, sales have been sagging, partly because the core of repertoire, the standard 18th century and 19th century masterpieces, have all been recorded dozens of times. Between 1968 and 1970, industry-wide classical sales dropped from \$76.1 million to \$53.8 million, while pop music, spurred largely by the vitality of rock, soared to \$1.1 billion. By and large it is the young who spend all that money. Given the right impetus, they are not necessarily averse to the classics—as proved by what *Elvira Madigan* did for Mozart's *Piano Concerto, K. 467*, or 2001: *A Space Odyssey* did for Strauss's *Also Sprach Zarathustra*. "If *Elvira Madigan* made Mozart a relevant experience for the youth generation," asks Munves, "why can't we make it happen for other composers?"

Other composers, for Munves, do not include serialists or the majority of post-Bartók contemporaries, who he feels have no mass-market appeal. "I simply cannot go on taking a bath for those guys," he says. "Only four or five of them are writing for the people. Like Lenny Bernstein. I think *West Side Story* is one of the great masterpieces of the 20th century because it combines the classics with the vernacular." Munves particularly mourns the disappearance of good old-fashioned melody. When he says, "It all started with that no-goodnik Schoenberg," he is having a laugh, but only partly. "The thing with music is that man has to see his own image in it," he says. "And man's image in music is melody."

Kinetic Experiences. The concept of man as melody is only a bit narrower than Munves' view of the acceptable repertoire. A convincing case can be made that the classical-record industry needs to do a better job of selling itself. Yet what of the obligation of the record companies to music's future? Today they are delighted to issue *Mahler's Greatest Hits*. But where were most of them 20 years ago when Gustav needed them?

In fairness to Munves, it must be said that he is primarily a special man for a special job at a special time. And he knows it. "My strength is that I come from the stores. I'm a peddler." His task is first of all to ensure RCA's classical-record future, then worry about other things. Right now he has his ideas to play with: "I'm gonna live to see the day when we wrap a classical album in the same package with the Jefferson Airplane." He also lusts for the day when quadrasonic tapes and disks—the next step after stereo—will allow listeners to bathe aurally in "kinetic musical experiences." And then he has his search for eternal youth—or rather the eternal youth market. "The kids, they're gonna save us because they love beautiful things."



Is drunk driving "legal" in your state?

In effect, drunk driving is "legal" in many of our states. Because, in these states the statutory limit for conviction of drunk driving requires a blood alcohol level of .15%. And, according to medical authorities, a man is intoxicated and his driving ability is seriously impaired when the blood alcohol level reaches .10%.

The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration is urging all states to adopt a .10% blood alcohol level standard. Inasmuch as drunk drivers cause 30,000 highway deaths every year, we support this effort. It needs your support, too. If your state is one of those that hasn't adopted the .10% standard,

speak up for it in your community. Get the clubs and organizations you belong to behind it. If your state has made .10% the law, let your police and judges know you want them to enforce it.



STATE FARM MUTUAL AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE COMPANY
Home Office: Bloomington, Illinois

(an informative advertisement)

Today's buyer is entitled to an honest discussion of Imported vs. American cars.

Here it is, from a company that builds both.

We listen.

We know people are confused by the sudden wave of foreign and domestic small cars on the market these days.

We must also confess we're partly to blame for the confusion. We've built more small cars than anyone else in the world.

As a matter of fact, we currently produce a long list

of compact and sub-compact automobiles. Three of them—Pinto, Maverick and Mercury Comet—we assemble here. The others—cars like Cortina, Escort, Taurus and Capri—we build abroad. Capri we import. It's made such a tremendous hit in Europe as a sports/personal car, we decided to sell it over here through Lincoln-

Mercury dealers.

Add our offerings to a plethora of American-built Vegas and Gremlins, European-made VWs and Crickets, and Japanese-produced Toyotas and Datsuns, and the great debate begins:

"Who's best?"

We'd like to resolve the issue. We have everything to gain from it.

If you're confused, chances are you'll do one of two things: You'll buy the wrong car. Or no car at all.

If we sell you the wrong car, you're not likely to buy from us again.

We'd much rather sell you the right one. After all, our business depends on satisfied customers.

Here are the facts.



L to R: Taurus, Capri, Pinto. All small cars. All from Ford Motor Company. Two are made in Europe.

Right now, foreign cars account for more than 13 per cent of all cars sold in this country. Their popularity is well-earned.

Generally speaking, they're inexpensive to buy, cheap to run and simple to maintain.

Moreover, they have a hand-built-in-the-Black-Forest-by-elves kind of mystique to them which, legend or not, is an envious credential for any product to have. But more on that later.



Typical European highway

Good as the imports are, they aren't without a few shortcomings. First of all, most imports are not specifically designed for American roads, which are significantly different from those abroad. (Note the illustrations).



Typical Japanese highway

Because of that, many tend to be ill at ease on our long superhighways. They tend to be slightly underpowered. They tend to be skittish in crosswinds. And

anybody who's been in one on an expressway, on a gusty day, knows what a white-knuckled experience that is.

Furthermore, most imports tend to be a bit cramped inside for large American physiques. The average American is approximately 4.3 inches taller and 31 pounds heavier than the average Japanese.

On the other hand, domestic small cars like Pinto and Maverick were designed and engineered from the outset to be driven by American-size people on American-type roads. And in the case of Pinto, the objective is achieved with the traditionally



Typical U.S. highway

good gas mileage you'd expect from an import. Last summer, for example, we ran a Pinto and a leading import through the same simulated city-suburban gas mileage tests. Despite Pinto's 15 extra horsepower, both cars averaged over 25.5 mpg.

WHAT ABOUT STABILITY?

In addition, Pinto, Maverick and Mercury Comet have suspension systems that are specifically tailored to U.S. highways. They all use ball-joints and coil springs in front, leaf springs in rear, special shock absorbers at all four wheels. Nothing exotic, really. But each setup has been calibrated by computer for the kinds of roads you're most likely to encounter. The result is a ride that is neither "mushy" at speed, nor "choppy" around town, yet firm enough to assure safe cornering and tracking. Furthermore, all three cars

SMALL CAR COMPARISON CHART									
	Domestic					Imported			
	Vega	Maverick	Pinto	Mercury Comet	VW (Super Beetle)	Capri	Datsun (B-130)	Toyota (Corolla)	
Length, in.	169.2"	179.4"	163.0"	181.2"	161.8"	162.8"	162.2"	166.9"	
Width, in.	65.4"	70.5"	69.4"	70.6"	62.4"	64.8"	61.4"	61.8"	
Wheelbase	97.0"	103.0"	94.3"	103.0"	95.1"	100.8"	95.3"	95.2"	
Height, in.	51.9"	53.0"	50.1"	53.0"	59.1"	50.7"	55.1"	55.1"	
Track, front, in.	55.1"	56.5"	55.0"	56.5"	54.3"	53.0"	50.4"	51.2"	
rear, in.	54.1"	56.5"	55.0"	56.5"	53.3"	52.0"	50.4"	50.0"	
Turning circle, ft.	33.0'	36.9'	31.5'	36.9'	31.5'	32.0'	31.4'	N/A	
Curb Weight, lbs.	2202	2636	2030	2633	1918	2115	2041	2170	
Engine displacement, cu. in.	140.0	170.0	97.6	170.0	96.6	97.6	97.3	113.4	
Horsepower,	90	100	75	100	60	75	96	108	
Price*	\$2091	\$2175	\$1919	\$2217	\$1985	\$2395	\$1990	\$2216	

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for comparable vehicles. Dealer preparation charges included for Vega only; destination charges, state and local taxes are not included for above vehicles.

are noticeably wider than they are tall, and have very low centers of gravity, so there's no unnerving "top-heaviness" in crosswinds. Pinto even carries the luxury of rack-and-pinion steering, as do many sports cars—Ferrari, Porsche, Jaguar, Triumph, MG—as well as our own Capri.

ARE IMPORTS BETTER BUILT

Back to the mystique of Old World Craftsmanship. Contrary to popular belief, foreign cars are built by neither elves nor Samurai warriors. They're produced in large factories, on assembly lines—the same way cars are built in this country. And generally speaking, European and Japanese quality standards are neither higher nor lower than ours. As such, their cars have many of the same strengths domestic cars have. They also have many of the same weaknesses. Despite legend, elves have the same capacity for an occasional goof as anyone.

The point is simply that integrity in the car business lives on this side of the ocean as surely as it does in Wolfsburg. Consider these facts:

• Volkswagen recommends an oil change every 3,000 miles; a chassis lube every 6,000. On the other hand, Pinto,

Maverick and Mercury Comet are designed to go 6,000 miles without an oil change; 36,000 miles without a chassis lube. (And over the long haul, that can save a lot of money. Grease and oil *do* cost money.)

• Pinto uses an imported engine and drive line. Yes, it's built in Europe. Prior to its introduction in this country, it had undergone more than 50 million miles of owner use—so you don't have to put up with the traditional "bugs" of a new design.

• If something does need fixing, there are more than 6,700 Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealerships across the country. So if your Pinto needs a voltage regulator in Keokuk, Iowa, you can get one installed in Keokuk. The nearest dealer for the leading import is in Quincy, Illinois.

WE WOULD LIKE TO HEAR FROM YOU

So much for our point of view. We hope this ad has been of some help in providing you with information. If you'd like additional data or literature on any of our products, do write us.

WRITE:
FORD MOTOR COMPANY LISTENS
DEPARTMENT T/JM
THE AMERICAN ROAD
DEARBORN, MICH. 48121

In fact, write us about whatever is on your mind.

Let us know how we can better serve you as a company.



...has a better idea
(we listen better)



Datsun



Vega



Gremlin



Opel



VW Super Beetle's



Toyota

BUSINESS

Antitrust: New Life in an Old Issue

FEW economic issues have revived as suddenly as antitrust policy. Only weeks ago, excitement about business concentration and the potentialities of vigorous trust-busting seemed, in the words of Historian Richard Hofstadter, "a faded passion." Now the virtues and evils of business bigness are again being fiercely debated, largely for two reasons:

► Two new studies of big business have appeared almost simultaneously. One is a Nader's Raiders report, *The Closed Enterprise System*, and the other is a widely acclaimed book, *America, Inc.* (see box). Both argue that giant size gives the biggest U.S. corporations the power to hurt the consumer by charging excessive prices, engaging in collusive dealings and ignoring public concern about product safety and pollution. Nader's Raiders advocate the breakup of every U.S. corporation that has assets of more than \$2 billion—except for "natural-monopoly, rate-regulated public utilities like A.T. & T."^{*}

► The White House has been dropping hints that it is considering relaxing antitrust enforcement in order to help American industry compete more effectively with foreign rivals. U.S. businessmen have long argued that the antitrust laws put them at a disadvantage against foreign companies that, to win rich export orders, are free to form car-

tels and engage in reciprocal deals (You buy from me, and I'll buy from you). Government officials also worry about great foreign mergers that are creating companies equal in size to the largest U.S. firms.

Growing Concentration. Washington's trustbusters have filed few major cases lately, but Richard McLaren, the Justice Department's antitrust chief, insists that there has been no slackening of zeal. The Administration's prime concern is controlling "merger mania," he explains, and recently there just have not been any big mergers to attack. Attorney General John Mitchell discouraged many corporate giants from contemplating merger by emphasizing in a 1969 speech that the Government would move to bar most acquisitions by the nation's 200 largest companies.

In the view of Nader's Raiders and the authors of *America, Inc.*, the Mitchell-McLaren policy is grossly inadequate because it leaves untouched the nation's already existing aggregations of economic power. The critics complain that the 200 largest U.S. corporations control about two-thirds of all manufacturing assets, a degree of concentration that some economists had not expected the U.S. to reach until 1975 at the earliest. The critics have brought up again the oldest question of antitrust policy: Is bigness, in itself, bad? They reply with a ringing yes.

Political Power. One of their most important points is that massed economic power translates into political power, through the ability of wealthy businessmen to finance campaigns for

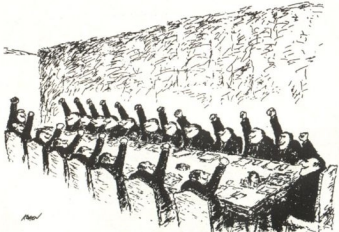
office.^{*} The big money, they say, flows to candidates who favor retention of the oil-depletion allowance and import quotas on petroleum and steel; the quotas enable domestic industries to charge higher prices than they could if foreign products were able to enter the U.S. more freely. Economically, however, the dispute centers on whether giant enterprise is efficient.

Advocates of bigness in business argue not that it is desirable but inevitable. Economist John Kenneth Galbraith has attacked big companies for creating demand for unnecessary products, but he also argues that only the giant corporation has the resources to engage in necessary long-range planning and to marshal the armies of specialists needed to fully exploit technology. Says Galbraith, in defense of the huge corporation: "The notion that you can get along without modern organization is strictly romantic. If you think otherwise, try taking a trip to the moon."

The Quiet Life. The critics retort that giant companies, which have billion-dollar investments in existing technology, seek not progress but what the late Judge Learned Hand called "the quiet life" of monopolists—an existence undisturbed by the innovations of pushy

* Marvin Watson, a Texas oilman and former high aide to President Johnson, told United Steelworkers President I.W. Abel last month not to waste money trying to re-elect Oklahoma Senator Fred Harris. Watson's implication was that oilmen have marked Harris, a former Democratic national chairman, for political extinction. They have never forgiven Harris for voting against one of their favorites, Russell Long, for Senate whip in 1969.

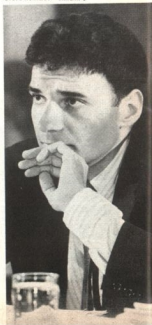
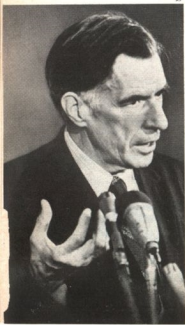
^{*} According to the *FORTUNE* 500 listings, 107 companies would be subject to breakup. Among them: 42 industrial firms, including the Big Three automakers and 14 oil companies; 37 banks; 18 life insurers; eight transportation companies; and two retailers, Sears, Roebuck and Macor.



"All power to the board of directors!"

GALBRAITH BEFORE HOUSE COMMITTEE

NADER AT SENATE HEARING



The Power of America, Inc.

WITH the notable exception of Galbraith's exercises in sarcasm, books on business rarely win much public attention. Even before its official publication last week, however, *America, Inc.* had stirred widespread debate. The authors, Morton Mintz, a top investigative reporter for the *Washington Post*, and Jerry S. Cohen, former staff director of the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, argue that big business is running the U.S.—and running it into the ground.

Much of their evidence of business wrongdoing is old, consisting of cases going back ten years or more. Worse, the authors ignore all evidence favorable to large companies. They point out the scarcity of blacks among auto dealers, for example, but fail to mention that more than half the work force at Ford's River Rouge plant is black—the result of a deliberate company effort to move blacks into high-paying factory jobs.

All that said, the book does pull together a disturbing quantity of evidence of business misconduct and negligence. The authors point to a commercial plane that crashed, killing 38, because of defective parts in its Allison engines. They note that occupational accidents killed 14,000 Americans in 1969, that by Government estimate ordinary household products "cause, or are associated with 20 million injuries a year." In addition, the book reports:

► Banks generally require customers to buy credit life insurance on their loans. Unknown to most borrowers, the insurance company usually pays back to the bank in the form of dividends a portion of the premiums collected from the customers. So, say the authors, banks often seek the highest-priced insurance they can find in

order to increase their dividends. Prior to 1965, they report, Bank of America got insurance from Prudential at 37¢ per \$100 of coverage; then Prudential raised its prices 65%, to 61¢ per \$100, "at the bank's behest."

► Government evidence in an antitrust case showed that, between 1953 and 1961, three manufacturers of antibiotics incurred manufacturing costs as low as \$1.52 per 100 tablets of tetracycline, which they sold to druggists at a fixed price of \$30.60, or 20 times as much; the retail price was \$51. According to a Nader report, the retail price has since declined to \$5, partly because of publicity brought by the case.

► The American Gas Association for years failed to develop safety devices that would protect children from being burned by the hot grilles over floor furnaces; yet a small manufacturer came up with several devices within weeks of winning an \$800 contract from the National Commission on Product Safety.

The book does not always make clear what relation the authors see between business sins and giant corporate size. Mintz and Cohen do, however, hammer home one disquieting point. As corporations grow and become more bureaucratic, the responsibility for decisions—and still more, for failure to make decisions—becomes diffused among more and more people until it disappears. It is difficult to say who, if anyone, in a large corporation should be blamed for not acting on product safety or pollution control. On occasion, the scattering of responsibility leads to a sort of corporate schizophrenia. At one point, General Motors was deriding wild drivers in traffic-safety pamphlets and simultaneously proclaiming, in motor-magazine ads, that owning a Buick Skylark Gran Sport



MORTON MINTZ



JERRY COHEN

"is almost like having your own personal-type nuclear deterrent."

Mintz and Cohen are better at defining problems than prescribing solutions. Their main recommendations for making business socially responsible are: 1) federal, rather than state, chartering of corporations, a move that would give big government more control over business behavior; and 2) organizing Government-owned corporations, patterned after TVA, to provide services that any "rational and humane" society must provide.

It is hard to see how such steps would accomplish the authors' goals. If big business really has the political clout that Mintz and Cohen say it does, it surely could get what it wants from federal chartering authorities as easily as it now does from Congress, the regulatory agencies and the White House. And TVA has not always been a model of social conscience. It has, for instance, enraged environmentalists by encouraging the strip mining of coal to meet its immense fuel needs. If Mintz and Cohen have not provided adequate remedies, however, they have compiled enough evidence of business amorality to convince even a skeptical reader that it is no rare occurrence.

competitors. Many of the genuinely new products that have appeared since World War II have been the work of small firms. Transistor radios were first sold in large volume by Sony, then a struggling young Japanese company; stainless-steel razor blades were introduced by Wilkinson Sword, a British firm that few Americans had heard of; dry copiers were invented by an obscure company then called Haloid Xerox; the picture-in-a-minute camera was developed by Polaroid, a firm with no prior experience in photography. Similarly, the fast, low-cost oxygen steelmaking process was first tried in the U.S. by the relatively small McLouth Steel Corp. in the mid-1950s. A decade passed before U.S. Steel and Bethlehem Steel, which had enormous plants devoted to the old open-hearth process, used the new method on any large scale.

Another major problem is the role of the giant corporation in inflation.

Economists generally agree that when inflation is caused by the pull of excessive demand, prices go up fastest in industries with a large number of small companies. But they also agree that big corporations play a disproportionate role in what Nobel Laureate Paul Samuelson calls "sellers' inflation"—the passing on of higher costs to consumers in the form of price increases. A special difficulty is the ability of giant companies in concentrated markets to maintain or even to increase prices despite falling demand. That ability is one reason the Nixon Administration still has not made the gains against inflation that it expected by engineering the business slowdown of 1970. Many big corporations set prices calculated to give them a fixed profit return on investment; if sales drop, they often increase prices in order to hit the profit target.

Even if it is conceded that bigness is dangerous, the critics face an almost un-

answerable question: How big is too big? The Nader team's advocacy of an absolute \$2 billion limit on assets is an overly simplistic answer. There are genuine economies in large-scale operation, and nobody knows what is the optimum size of a company. Trustbuster McLaren wonders: "Do you apply the same limits to an aerospace company and a candy manufacturer? If not, how do you determine the proper size for each?"

Size can bring social benefits, too—and smallness is no guarantee of either efficiency or virtue. Big companies launched almost all the expensive programs for hiring and training the hardcore unemployed under the Government's JOBS program; small companies generally had neither the funds nor the interest to do so. Despite the bad example set by the oil and steel quotas, giant companies with worldwide interests have generally been dedicated

supporters of free trade, while small manufacturers have often howled loudly for protection. Small retailers, who need large markups to survive, have provided the prime support for the misnamed "fair trade" price-fixing laws. The construction industry, which is fragmented into myriad poorly financed small companies, has been a prize example of both technological lethargy and violent inflation.

For the immediate future, breaking up the nation's biggest companies seems a political impossibility—not least because the American temperament will not stand for laws that seem to put limits on growth and success. Democratic Senator Philip Hart of Michigan, a leading congressional foe of monopoly, told *TIME* Correspondent Hays Gorey: "I don't think a case has been made that we'd be better off if General Motors were broken into five separate companies." There is a genuine problem, though, in making the sometimes elephantine bureaucracy of the giant corporations responsive to the public will. One way to do that is to continue criticizing their faults. Thus the new studies, despite their flaws, serve a useful purpose.

PERSONALITIES

Bunting's Bet

When it comes to making important changes in interest rates, the big-time bankers of New York, Chicago and San Francisco have recently taken a back seat to Philadelphia's John R. Bunting, the controversial chief of the First Pennsylvania Banking & Trust Co. On two occasions in 1968 and 1970, Bunting was the first to cut the prime rate, and other bankers quickly followed. Last week, ignoring pleas and pressure from the Nixon Administration, Bunting acted again. This time he hiked the prime,

from 5½% to 5¼%. By week's end Bunting was out on a long limb, because no other major banks had followed. Still, he was unworried, figuring that the general rise of other interest rates will soon bring the other banks around. As he told *TIME* Correspondent John Tompkins: "I like to do things that others consider risky—when I have an 80% chance of winning."

Earth Bonds. By word and deed, Bunting, who is 45, has often shaken up the banking establishment. He has accused other bankers of discriminatory hiring practices, and has made plans to add a woman, a black, a priest and a consumer activist to First Pennsylvania's board. He would like the Federal Reserve Board to have a double standard for reserve requirements, enabling banks to provide special low-cost loans for socially useful projects, including construction in housing-short areas and black business development. Last year his bank introduced "Earth Bonds," a form of savings bonds, with most proceeds going to programs aimed at controlling air pollution. But the bonds did not go over well, because they were sold primarily to low-earning young buyers. Bunting was more successful when he had First Pennsylvania lend money to the producers of the movie *Joe*. The bank got 12% interest on the loan plus \$13,000 in warrants; they are now worth \$138,000 and Bunting is still holding on to them, believing that they will jump much higher.

For fear of creating conflicts of interest, Bunting makes no personal investments for himself, nor has he accepted appointments to any corporate boards since he became the bank's president in 1968. "Bankers are invited onto boards for the wrong reason," he says. "The company chiefs think that such appointments ensure them a line of credit." He often criticizes politicians as well as businessmen. Bunting, who calls himself a liberal independent, says, "I travel in Republican circles, but I can't find many Nixon supporters."

Radical Changes. A non-Main Line Philadelphia who worked for 14 years as a Federal Reserve economist before joining the bank in 1964, Bunting believes that radical changes, especially in corporations, are inevitable in the 1970s. "I'd just like them to be as evolutionary as possible," he says. Bunting can take some unusual stands, largely because he is, by most measures, a highly successful moneymaker. Since he has become president, the bank has increased assets from \$2.7 billion to \$3.9 billion. The Wall Street brokerage firm of Eastman Dillon has just issued an investment report that praises the bank and Bunting, because "his decisions have proved farsighted and profitable." In particular, Eastman Dillon notes that he has raised the bank's earnings potential by acquiring mortgage and consumer finance firms, and has drawn valuable attention to the bank by making his much-heralded changes in the prime rate.



SHOPPING FOR BOOTLEG RECORDS
Victimizing Bob Dylan.

MARKETING

Revolutionary War

"Today," says Rock-Concert Producer Dennis Wilen, "any kid can take his tape recorder to a Rolling Stones performance and become a millionaire." Bootlegging—the production and sale of records by black-market operators—is easy. Enough of it is going on that record-industry executives are in a spin. Perhaps one out of every four stereo tapes sold in the U.S. is a bootleg, turned out by somebody who simply copied the original. According to industry estimates, bootlegging costs the recording companies, music publishers and artists as much as \$100 million yearly in lost sales and royalties. Except in a few states that specifically prohibit bootlegging, the companies can do little to stamp it out. The federal copyright law does not cover sound recordings, though an amendment to close that loophole has passed the Senate and is being studied by a House subcommittee.

The most common bootleg victims are front-running artists: Bob Dylan, The Band, Jefferson Airplane—any star or group whose name alone is worth fat sales. The practice has long been a problem (Frank Sinatra records were bootlegged in the '40s), but technology has only recently made it attractive to young entrepreneurs. A variety of tape copiers, from \$40 recorders to \$100,000 stereo duplicating systems, can turn out cartridges, cassettes or reel-to-reel tapes, usually in less time than it takes to listen to them. Music-trade publications and underground newspapers carry ads for the machines, and many an Aquarian-Ager has been able to convert his basement into a tape factory. Nearly every city has record stores, gas stations and supermarkets with selections



BANKER BUNTING
Unworried on a long limb.

of bootlegged tapes and records, which are usually packaged in unadorned boxes and albums with plain white covers.

Sonic Treasures. The audio quality of bootlegs ranges from good to nearly unintelligible, but demand is soaring, partly because prices are usually about half as high as for legitimate recordings. Some sonic treasures can be found only on a certain type of bootleg, the so-called "underground" variety, which is put together from snippets of previously unpublished rehearsal tapes, live concerts and even radio broadcasts. The classic example is *Great White Wonder*, a hot seller that was made up of unused Bob Dylan tapes, some of which Dylan fans claim had been stolen from the basement of his Woodstock home.

The greatest competition for legitimate recording companies comes from big-time adult bootleggers. An outfit called the National Manufacturing Co. had nearly 100 workers on split shifts turning out 80,000 illegal tapes a week at its factory in Phoenix, Ariz., when marshals recently raided the place after a suit was brought by 59 music-publishing firms. In two months National Manufacturing had netted nearly \$2,000,000. Some companies offer \$6.95 tape cartridges for as little as \$2.50 freight paid, with extra tapes thrown in with every large order to make up for any defects. Other shady operators, who typically use telephone answering services and ship the goods C.O.D., put together a selection of bestselling single recordings on one tape. A few counterfeiters duplicate not only hit records and tapes, but also labels and album covers—right down to the copyright mark. Recording-industry leaders say that the low operating costs and high profit margins have attracted organized crime to tape bootlegging.

Romantic Trip. Demand is so intense that even communes of young bootleggers have been springing up. Producer Dennis Wilen says that the communes are purportedly dedicated to "bringing music directly to the people without having to go through the bureaucracy of the music industry. The romantic aspect is the most compelling attraction. People can't go fight in the Spanish civil war any more, and the day of the desperado, of Robin Hood, is over. So they strike out at the fat cats of the music companies this way. It's an existential romantic trip."

The best-known bootlegging collective, southern California's Rubber Dubber, looks more like a corporation than a commune. It has a production staff of 40 to 50, plus a sales force of hundreds peddling to retailers and at rock concerts. Rubber Dubber sends direct-mail advertisements to record-store managers, retains an attorney to fight occasional lawsuits from legitimate recording companies, and even pays royalties to artists whose works are bootlegged. The organization produces upwards of 300,000 albums a year.

Bootlegging is becoming a career for

some young Americans. "Uncle Wiggly," as one 26-year-old Los Angeles bootlegger is known, worked his way through an Eastern business school by wholesaling pirated records. Now that he has his M.B.A., Uncle Wiggly has chosen to stay in the business. "There's a lot of satisfaction in this work," he says. "Many of our salesmen would otherwise be pushing drugs. We give a lot of money to the free clinic and to the peace coalition. I don't think there's anything illegal about this."

Uncle Wiggly offers his customers a selection of twelve records, with the guarantee of a new title every six weeks. "Right now we're working on a Janis Joplin album that's going to be the biggest bootleg ever," he says. "We're taking orders, and then we're going to deliver them all in the same 24-hour period. You see, if we don't do it that way, somebody will get hold of an early copy, duplicate it and start competing with us." One of his worst problems, he notes, is bootlegging.

INDUSTRY

The Comeback King

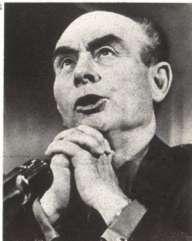
King Coal, once written off as an early victim of the nuclear age, has instead become its first comeback kid. U.S. coal production, which dropped by more than a third midway through the '50s, this year is on the way to setting a new record somewhat above the previous high of 630 million tons in 1947. Largely as a result of the deepening national energy crisis, President Nixon recently asked Congress to double funding of research into new and cleaner ways of using the fuel that ran steamboats and locomotives. Before the industry can fully savor its new-found potential, however, it must overcome what John Corcoran, president of Consolidation Coal Co., calls a set of "horrendous short-range problems."

Tangled Feud. As if to underscore the most pressing of them, half of the nation's 95,000 union miners stomped off their grimy jobs for several days last week in wildcat strikes. They were protesting the court-ordered removal of United Mine Workers President W.A.

("Tony") Boyle from the board of the union's mismanaged pension fund. The union boss's forced withdrawal from pension affairs was the latest development in a tangled feud between union factions that has led to many lawsuits. Although the miners' grievance was with the courts, they followed the all-too-familiar course of taking it out on their employers and the public.

Unfortunately, their action may be the dress rehearsal for a much more serious strike this fall. The union's contract expires Sept. 30; both its own internal problems and the industry's new strength will be issues in the negotiations for a new one. For the moment, Boyle is concentrating hard on the economic front. He recently declared that the industry's healthy net profits, which last year rose 102% to an estimated \$46.8 million, entitled his members to a rich raise. "We are going to get more because the coal industry can afford more," said Boyle. Among his early demands are a 35% hike in wages, to \$50 a day, paid sick leave and doubling the 40¢ "royalty" on each ton of coal that mining companies must pay to the union pension fund. But few industry leaders expect that the miners will settle for even that package. If only to unite the membership, they fear, pro-Boyle forces

MINE WORKERS' BOYLE



DIGGING COAL IN VIRGINIA



in the union will force at least a short strike.

No Stripping Allowed. The industry's second set of difficulties involves the increasingly tough demands of ecologists, who object to the effect of coal mining on both the air and the land. Leading coal producers are working hard in both areas. Scientists have already developed precipitators that can collect most fly ash inside furnace stacks, and they believe that a solution is in sight for the more serious problem of sulfur-oxide emissions. Another controversy is over strip mining, which accounts for a third of all U.S.-produced coal. In response to criticism of the desolate condition in which stripped areas are usually left, some large companies have begun to replace soil and vegetation after scooping up deposits just beneath the surface. Two Kentucky counties have already banned strip mining, and government leaders in other areas are re-examining their policies.

The demand for coal is likely to continue increasing at its present annual rate of 4.5% for many years to come. Reason: for much of the nation, it is still the fuel that produces electricity. Contrary to their predictions a decade ago, electricity producers have not converted widely to nuclear power plants, which take up to seven years to build and usually create thermal pollution. Yet their customers have placed ever increasing demands on the power load. Says Consolidation Coal's Corcoran: "The modern home with appliances uses eight to ten tons of coal a year, which is a lot more than I used to shovel into my family's furnace as a kid."

Limited Spectrum. As a result, power producers have gradually made up for the industry's loss of such other customers as railroads and shipping lines. Another large chunk of the fuel goes abroad, especially to the booming Japanese steelmakers. Within the next few years, coal producers expect to line up still another huge group of buyers: users of U.S. natural gas, which is rapidly being depleted and going up in price. As the price of gas (now 29¢ per 1,000 cu. ft.) increases, it will become more economical to convert coal to methane gas and transport it through pipelines. Consolidation is building a demonstration plant in Rapid City, S. Dak., that will use the "gasification" process, which now costs 65¢ per 1,000 cu. ft.

Last week Interior Secretary Rogers Morton declared that gasification "is one of the most promising areas we are exploring in the energy spectrum." That spectrum at present is more limited than it should be, in part because U.S. planners prematurely assumed a coal phase-out. Their miscalculation should be gratifying news not only for coal men but also for other industries widely "doomed" by the technology of the future. As coal's case showed, that technology does not always arrive on schedule.

JAPAN

Mao in the Supermarket

What is a true bastion of iron? It is the masses, the millions upon millions of people who genuinely support the revolution.

—Mao Tse-tung

Replace "the revolution" with the term sound merchandising, and that quotation becomes a guide to success in capitalist retailing. So claims Isao Nakauchi, head of Japan's fastest-growing store chain and an admitted admirer of Mao, even though he himself is a political conservative. By following the Chairman's strategic principles, Nakauchi has built his 14-year-old Daiei, Inc., into a 63-

—following Mao's precept to "take small and medium cities first, take big cities later." Defying pressure from Japan's protectionist agricultural bureaucrats, who have burdened him with red tape, Nakauchi imports the cheapest foreign food that he can find: cattle and onions from Australia, oranges and grapefruit from the U.S. He has turned his retail outlets into small department stores, selling not only food but Chinese pajamas, Korean shirts and, if the price is right, even Japanese-made goods. Last winter, when outraged mammas boycotted Japanese-made color TV sets that were being sold domestically for prices higher than those charged in the U.S., Nakauchi made a deal with a medium-size manufacturer, Shin-nihon Denki Co., to market a color set in Daiei's stores for \$160—about half the going price. The publicity helped force the big manufacturers to cut their domestic prices by as much as 22%.

New Long March. Nakauchi is about as popular in the Japanese business establishment as Mao would be in the U.S. National Association of Manufacturers. Smashing up the cartels, Nakauchi admits, will take many years—so many that "I am constantly reminded of Mao's Long March." In order to shorten the time, Nakauchi intends to open a "university" for his store chiefs by year's end. The atmosphere will be more like that of a school; managers will live together in barracks and intersperse their studies with marches and drills. A veteran of World War II service in the Japanese army, Nakauchi views business as combat: "We must inculcate in our managers a brute force for beating down all our rivals." But the round-faced, spectated market magnate also has milder moods. While listening to the cash registers ring at a recent store opening, he forgot Mao long enough to echo unconsciously a far different cultural influence. "That," he said, "is the sweetest music this side of heaven."

Recession, Tokyo-Style

Japanese business, says the government in Tokyo, is now in a "mild recessionary cycle." Why? Because the growth of the economy has dropped below a 10% annual rate for the first time in five years. Final figures for fiscal 1970, which ended last March 31, show that Japan's real gross national product—that is, G.N.P. adjusted to eliminate the effects of price increases—rose 9.9% v. a 12.6% gain the year before.

The U.S. should have such a "recession." Its real G.N.P. went down .4% in 1970, and many economists expect a rise of only 3% or so this year.



NAKAUCHI INSPECTING CHINESE SHIRTS
Put the managers in barracks.

store chain that in 1970 grossed \$415 million, second only to the volume of the Mitsukoshi department stores. This year Nakauchi expects to become No. 1 by pushing Daiei's sales to \$556 million.

Aiding Mamma-san. Nakauchi, 48, has been leading something of a revolution in the stiffly cartelized world of Japanese retailing. The country has 1.2 million mostly tiny stores, many of which cooperate in keeping prices high enough to enable all to stay in business. "Even our barbers and laundries have self-protective cartels," complains Nakauchi. He supports Mao's "bastion of iron" principle, which he interprets to mean that the masses (i.e., consumers) should be kings, and the retailer should serve them by selling at the lowest possible prices.

Accordingly, Nakauchi pioneered in bringing the American-style supermarket to Japan in 1957. He is opening four new stores this month and plans another nine by year's end, mostly in Japan's mushrooming suburban areas

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CINEMA



JODOROWSKY IN "EL TOPO"
Neither messiah nor mountebank.

Cosmological Circus

Every midnight for the past seven months, the Elgin Theater in New York City's Chelsea district has presented a screening of an exceedingly curious and especially arresting film called *El Topo* (The Mole). An allegorical western made in Mexico by a Chilean-Russian stage director named Alexandro Jodorowsky, *El Topo* has not been shown at all outside Manhattan; reviews, aside from the underground press, have been few and mostly negative. Nonetheless, the film has been kept alive by word of mouth spread by a burgeoning band of fierce partisans. Dennis Hopper had it screened at his home in Taos, N. Mex., and quickly promised to star in Jodorowsky's next movie, which will be financed by Universal.

For all the furor *El Topo* is neither a cathartic masterpiece, as its disciples believe, nor a con job, and Jodorowsky is neither messiah nor mountebank. There are scenes of brilliance in *El Topo*, followed by sequences of unwieldy pretension. The film is by turns comic and profound, hysterical and pompous, fully complex enough to deserve more than a simple yea or nay.

Pastiche of Satire. *El Topo* begins with the kind of burning, indelible imagery that promises great moviemaking. Dressed in black leather, the protagonist comes riding across the desert, his small son naked behind him on the saddle. Reaching a town that was recently the scene of a massive slaughter, he guides his horse over festering corpses, through puddles of blood steaming in the desert sun, and rides out again, seeking vengeance. He finds the villains, homicidal clowns wearing elaborate bandit outfits, and dispatches them in an orgy of dispassionate bloodletting.

This sequence, a pastiche of satire, homage and serious allegorical narrative, is the best part of the film. But when El Topo (played by Jodorowsky) leaves his son in the village and rides off for a series of gun battles with four holy men, the film turns diffuse and flirts with total disintegration. After a series of opaque symbolic adventures, El Topo is reborn as a kind of Zen saint who performs mummery for money in a Western town that serves as a crude mock-up of contemporary America. Eventually he is killed by his son, now fully grown, who rides off into the sunset with El Topo's dwarf wife and her newborn son, an image that strongly recalls the Holy Family's flight into Egypt.

Stylistic Reminders. Cluttered almost to the point of chaos, *El Topo* often flounders in a deluge of religious and pseudoreligious symbolism, of parables, epigrams and jokes. There are plentiful stylistic reminders of other film makers, notably Buñuel, Welles and Sergio Leone. One of the film's more vigorous fans wrote that Jodorowsky's library has "thousands of volumes covering every imaginable subject." *El Topo* almost appears to contain at least a fragment from each, so that it has the look at times of a richly illustrated concordance. But many of the references—like much of the symbolism—are never assimilated, which only serves to make the film forbidding and unwieldy.

Jodorowsky's is perhaps a prodigious, certainly a prodigious talent. What is most bothersome is not his chaotic cosmology but his coldness. He is so obsessed with allegorical meaning that *El Topo* misses any kind of full human resonance. It is instead a vivid if ultimately passionless passion play.

■ Jayocks

Natural Mannerisms

Ever since Rousseau's *Social Contract*, the Noble Savage has been neither noble nor savage. Instead he has become a symbol, a stick with which "civilized" man beats himself. Has the city become a jungle? The Noble Savage's jungle is a city in the peaceable kingdom of man and nature. Does civilized man murder for sport? The native, like a lion, kills only what he needs. Is the intellect responsible for evil? The natural man does not think with his brain but with his glands—and by his actions exhibits a moral vigor.

Lost Souls. This imaginary fraudulent creature has animated a great deal of escape fiction, from *Robinson Crusoe* to *Little Big Man*. Taken lightly, he is an object of literary curiosity. Written about seriously, he is preposterous. *Walkabout* makes the disastrous mistake of treating an aborigine not as a man but as a god.

An Australian father takes his two children for a picnic in the country.

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Minutes later he commits a lurid and unmotivated suicide. The teen-age girl (Jenny Agutter) and her little brother (Lucien John) abruptly find themselves at the mercy of the outback, their only companion a sputtering portable radio. Ironies thereupon crowd the air like static: the instrument crackles with irrelevant news of the world while the two urbanized refugees fight elemental dread.

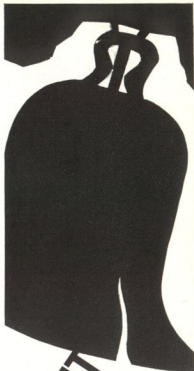
Meantime, a bushman (an authentic one named David Gumpili) fearlessly traverses the country—the sky his ceiling, the air his blanket—boomeranging lizards and kangaroos in order to eat. Stumbling upon the lost souls, this natural man guides them through his Eden. *Walkabout* suddenly becomes a lyric travelogue, assaulting the harsh Flinders mountain ranges, trailing the little camels of the red desert near Alice Springs, mooning under the blooming quandong tree. Director Nicolas Roeg, who made his reputation as a cinematographer (*Fahrenheit 451*, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, *Petulia*), shows a precise and delicate Down Understanding. But give him anything human, and he seems as naive as a third former.

Aim and Misfire. The camera cannot confront a grown Caucasian without making him a rapacious stock villain, nor can it present the savage as anything but an improbably heroic amalgam of Friday, Chingachgook and St. Francis. A pity. The cast are an attractive lot and, as some lyrically nude bathing scenes demonstrate, Miss Agutter possesses one of the lithest, blithest young bodies on public view. Were the eye the only judge, *Walkabout* might be considered a treat. But no, Roeg and his scenarist Edward Bond (*Blow-Up*) aim for the mind and miss wildly. Their preachy, anti-intellectual Natural Mannerisms are neither convincing nor new.

■ Stefan Kanfer



GUMPILI & AGUTTER IN "WALKABOUT"
Neither noble nor savage.



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WATCHING SPACE LAUNCH

Kitchen Matches in the Dark

THE MIDDLE AMERICANS by Robert Coles. Photographs by Jon Erikson. 181 pages. Atlantic-Little, Brown. \$12.50 hardcover, \$3.95 paperback.

With such a title, Robert Coles could at first be mistaken for one of the people he desperately deplores—that complacent horde of pigeonholers, poll-takers, politicians, consumer experts and scholars who seem bent on reducing vast groups of individual Americans to some neatly labeled lowest common denominator of fear, status, greed or need. Coles, after all, is a Harvard psychiatrist. He has been seen in the company of notebook and tape recorder. For more than a decade he has studied and written voluminously about troubled children, blacks, migrant workers—all subjects that are now ritually lamented in near-faceless collectivity as "problems."

Coles' concern, however, is not with finding the convenient label or the exploitable correlation. Like a nonfiction novelist, he seeks, instead, to reveal the buried complexity of individual lives. Customarily he spends years, not months, on his interviews, confining himself to a relatively few people whose trust he slowly gains, and whose small devices for enduring life decently, no matter what, he deeply admires. In this book, for instance, Coles condenses talk and comment, going back as much as five years, with a handful of workmen and their wives—a steam fitter, a policeman, a filling-station operator, a machinist, a fireman, a welder, a druggist and a bank-loan arranger, the only white-collar man in the group.

Grudgingly he does admit—and the interviews show—that his subjects hold in common some predictable political and cultural attitudes, among them varying hostility to blacks, a need to believe that the Viet Nam War has meaning, dislike of hippies and "experts" with questionnaires, a passionate (and heartening) fear of going into debt, a distrust of the educated, the fancy and the self-important. They also have little patience (like Coles himself) with catch-all locations: "the Silent Majority," "white backlash," "Middle Americans." Still, the book is very successful in demonstrating that even on the gut issues of prejudice, pocketbook and politics their views have remarkable breadth and subtlety.

Coles records a lingering (and lately reinforced) populist disgruntlement with big business, as well as a sensible cynicism about the "selective sympathy" of liberals and radicals. Over the lunch pail they may sometimes sound (and know they sound) like Spiro Agnew or George Wallace, but they are aware that such politicians are mainly—perhaps only—concerned with getting their votes.

Signals of Pain. The discourse is customarily shadowed and low key, consistently matter of fact. But sharp signals of pain and courage and devotion flare suddenly like kitchen matches struck on the thumbnail. A son remembers his proud father, back in the '30s, crying because he had to go on relief to feed his family. A lately bereaved father admits to a recurring nightmare: he finds himself at the supermarket check-out station without any money, but is let by when he explains that his son Ralph has been killed in Viet

Nam. A woman admits that her main aim is to help her children be honest, decent and hard-working. Then, fearing that this will sound simple-minded, she adds with truth and passion: "It may not be the smartest kind of philosophy, but it's what a mother ought to be saying to herself in her heart all the time."

Inevitably, there is much repetition. Unhappily, too, the more than 100 pages of pictures by Jon Erikson, son of Psychoanalyst Erik Erikson, whose biography Coles wrote last year, are disappointing. The book, nevertheless, is a strong and compassionate document. It is especially good as an antidote to fears that the Generation Gap has really become part of the inevitable condition of man, that a helpless whine is now the characteristic American sound or that the family has been laid out for good with R.D. Laing's stake in its heart. Many of Coles' people are cousins and sisters. Their families seem to hang together for comfort and mutual support. Fathers and sons still seem to talk. Most heartening, perhaps, the wives, so often caricatured elsewhere as selfish, slothful featherbrains in hair curlers, here display great common sense and kindness.

Perhaps most encouraging of all, Coles' Middle Americans still possess a wisdom (or virtue) that now seems rare. They believe in reticence, especially about their private lives. If you cannot afford to give way to despair, expressed self-pity is not therapy but tragic indulgence. The moment you enshrine a hopeless feeling in words, you are instantly that much worse off for having done so. "I make things sound worse when I talk about them," one woman confided to Coles, "and I make myself seem lonelier."

The Soft Cell

THE DISCOVERY OF THE ASYLUM by David J. Rothman. 376 pages. Little, Brown. \$12.50.

No proper tour of America in the 1830s would have been complete without a visit to a penitentiary. European governments even dispatched special envoys to observe what was then called "a grand theater, for the trial of all new plans in hygiene and education, in physical and moral reform." The grand design applied to lunatic asylums and poorhouses as well. Order, discipline and cleanliness benevolently imposed in public institutions would rehabilitate the criminal, conquer insanity and resurrect the indigent. Social Philosophers Alexis de Tocqueville and Gustave Auguste de Beaumont noted after an official look at New World progress that Americans had made a profession out of "philanthropy." With a touch of Gallic skepticism, they added the phrase "which to them seems the remedy for all the evils of society."

Indeed, the notion that man is born innocent and that evil resides in society

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got a vigorous workout in the America of the 1820s and '30s. Prisoners invariably claimed that they were victims of misunderstandings, cruel circumstances and broken homes. Mental illness, too, was ascribed to a civilization madly concerned with getting and spending. Thus, if society was responsible, its victims should be isolated from corrupting influences and drilled in the virtues of hard work and obedience. Keeping inmates untainted meant keeping them apart from one another as well as from society as a whole. Accordingly, under Pennsylvania's penal system, prisoners not only worked alone, but each new convict was kept hooded until safely in his own cell. Walls and air vents were often designed to prevent communication, and prison architecture was elevated to one of the "moral sciences."

Depraved Man. Such measures were quite revolutionary compared with what preceded them, as David Rothman, an associate professor of history at Columbia University, documents in this tightly focused study of the treatment of "deviant" behavior in Jacksonian America. During the colonial and post-Revolutionary periods, older ideologies had prevailed. Then it was held that deviance was caused by the depraved nature of man, not society. God had so ordained, and John Calvin so maintained. Punishments did not so much fit the crime as the criminal. A man of property would usually be fined; a man without property was whipped. Since human nature was essentially and forever evil, there was no thought of correcting it by periods of confinement. Communities simply excluded unwanted strangers or prospective charity cases.

Some cities, including Boston, Philadelphia and New York, built almshouses for the indigent, but they were not institutions in the 19th and 20th century sense. In structure and routine, they were extensions of the colonial family. Even jails for debtors or those awaiting trial were homey places. Escapes were so frequent that some towns held the jailer responsible for the debts of an escaped prisoner.

Measure of Security. That all changed between 1790 and 1830, when a burgeoning America shelved the old determinism for a new faith in progress and perfectibility. The new doctrine, however, proved as simplistic as the old and, as Rothman patiently shows, it, too, would eventually drown in change and gigantism. By the 1850s, overcrowding and lack of funds or trained personnel had turned penitentiaries, asylums and almshouses into little more than custodial institutions filled largely by lower-class immigrants. Only juvenile reformatories maintained anything like the old standards—mainly because incorrigibles were shipped out on long whaling voyages. By the Civil War, incarceration had pretty much become an end in itself, providing little more than a measure of security and convenience for the community. As Rothman notes,

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"The rhetoric in the Jacksonian period had justified confinement, and the next generation could resort to it without especial difficulty." Ideals, it would seem, are just as flexible as people.

■ R.Z. Sheppard

Wait for Ping Pong?

RAISE RACE RAYS RAZE: ESSAYS SINCE 1965 by Imamu Amiri Baraka (LeRoi Jones). 169 pages. Random House. \$5.95.

For all his bitter denunciations of white civilization as decadent and evil, LeRoi Jones cannot quite flush it from his system. It is as much a part of this 36-year-old black writer as having been the son of a Newark, N.J., postal worker, a graduate of Howard University, an East Village intellectual with a Tyrolean hat and a white wife, and a gifted poet-playwright who was cheered until white liberals decided that white guilt was a form of masochism.

An ambivalent past can be a source of strength and creative energy. Today Jones—also known as Imamu Amiri Baraka—has a black wife and is the leader of Spirit House, an African culture center in Newark. But the past can also cause awkward ironies. Why, for example, should Jones, as dedicated as he is to the unique genius of African cultures, be so dependent on the white man's academic jargon and propaganda techniques? Their dead weight has a consistently bad effect on the otherwise vital and aggressive street style of many of the essays and manifestos contained in *Raise Race*, etc. Sometimes he attempts to lighten the load by adding asides—"if you can dig that," after phrases like "we hate as of a *legitimate empirical reaction*." The result is an embarrassing self-consciousness. Yet self-consciousness is what at this stage Jones' Black Power mission is really all about. "We are self-conscious now," he writes, "because we are trying to break from slavery. If we could see it continuously as people, as the devil collecting and using our energies to pervert the world, then there would be no pause, no rhetoric, only action, which is divine."

"O Allah," Jones' rhetoric about virile blacks v. effete whites proves his own point. Like the quotations of Chairman Mao, such talk is a form of political action, though hardly divine. The book does offer a savage vignette of blacks being harassed in a Newark courtroom as well as a snarling account of that city's 1967 riots set against a background of ethnic politics and official corruption. But mainly Jones pushes a distended version of black nationalism based on a fusion of black art, black politics and African spiritualism.

What Jones means when he uses the word black is not always evident, though it is clear that he is against anything white in the American or European sense. "O Allah O Shango (rulers of our ancient cities) O Osiris, we will be closer to you from now on," he cries.



LeROI JONES (IMAMU AMIRI BARAKA)

A necessary rhetoric.

Elsewhere he declares, "Do not talk Marx or Lenin or Trotsky when you speak of political thinkers. Abdel Rahman, Nkrumah, Sékou Touré, Mao, DuBois, Fanon, Nyerere, Garvey, Lumumba, Malcolm, Guevara, Elijah, Abu Dekr will plot, have already plotted, our way."

Totalitarian Fantasy. Naturally, Jones fails to note that Allah and Egypt's gods were divine sanctions for slave societies, and that many of the distinguished mortals he names learned their politics from the writings of Marx, Lenin and Trotsky. But why complicate the issue and disrupt Jones' totalitarian fantasies about white evil and righteous black revenge? At certain levels of his struggle to spread black cultural consciousness, hyperbole and distortion may be necessary. Jones' energetic campaigning for Kenneth Gibson, Newark's first black mayor, indicates that he is well aware of the ways in which real political power is gained and wielded. As for the rhetoric of provocation and hate, perhaps it is wisest to let it blow over and await an invitation to play Ping Pong.

■ R.Z.S.

Bestseller Revisited

QB VII by Leon Uris. 504 pages. Doubleday. \$7.95.

The Jews who have survived pogroms and genocide will doubtless weather this vulgar affront as well. Still, individual Jews who find themselves stuck in Leon Uris' paper detention camp must surely regard *QB VII* as a rather gratuitous endurance test.

Based on a libel suit that the author actually faced in England over a sentence in his third novel, *Exodus*, the book pits a Gentile Polish doctor, Adam Kelno, against a famous American Jewish novelist, Abe Cady. During World War II Dr. Kelno was forced to practice med-

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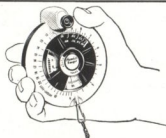
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icine in the infamous Jadwiga concentration camp. He sues Cady for libel because of a sentence that strayed into Cady's blockbuster novel, *The Holocaust*, which casually charges Kelno with performing "15,000 or more experimental operations without use of anesthesia." The surgery involved sterilization and mutilation of sexual organs. After setting up these pasteboard people, Uris embarks on a lengthy trial scene in which the grizzly camp testimony unfolds.

Many of *QB VII*'s sins are standard for the genre. The prose is an illiterate shorthand: "Lou was a tall, thin man with a sleepy face whose dominating feature was seventy Sy Devore suits." The plot is interstitched with editorials, sermons and lessons in writing. On the latter subject one can hardly deny Uris his soapbox. He has always been a crude novelist. Yet *Exodus* is the sixth biggest bestselling novel of the century,* and *QB VII*, after wintering comfortably atop all the charts, is now second only to *Exodus* in the author's hardback sales.

Sodomasochism. Still Uris' fictional caveats—ranging through Abe's conversations with his British publisher—seem absurdly at odds with his own wretched writing performance this time out. According to Uris, what most writers apparently forget is basic storytelling—a skill he himself once practiced but has neglected in this heavily predictable tale. Then there is that literary creation Author Abe himself, a *mench* who makes Hemingway seem as mousy as Mann. Writing is heavy going for Abe. He throws himself into each book with such desperate energy that he is often "unable to lace his shoes" at the end of a day's work.

Abe emerges, finally, as the shining avenger of Jewish wrongs, despite the fact that he is technically guilty of libel since the number of Kelno's crimes did not approach 15,000 and Abe, who cannot recall the doctor at all when charged, does not even know how that pesky sentence got into his book in the first place.

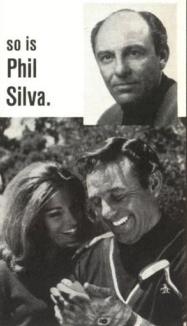
The result of Abe's fecklessness is a roundup of Kelno's victims, who must come to London to relive their tortures in court. Understandably, Abe does not even want to see them, but his son reassures him. "The minute you meet them, you'll forget about their mutilation," he cries. Abe does pull himself together, so much so that each victim goes away with an autographed copy of his complete works. In the meantime, their testimony has accounted for pages and pages of excruciatingly detailed descriptions of sexual organs and agony. In reality it is the documentation of an atrocity, but in slapdash fiction it is only sadomasochism. Which is a popular theme in popular novels these days.

■ Martha Duffy

* After *Peyton Place*, *God's Little Acre*, *Gone With the Wind*, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and *The Carpetbaggers*. *Love Story* will probably surpass them all.

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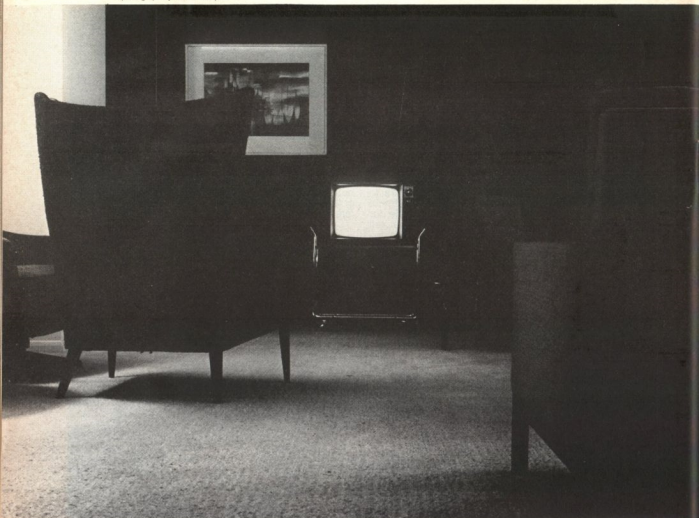
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